

The CHILD'S STORY
of the NEGRO

JANE D. SHACKELFORD

Inscribed for my son,
Montrose Dabney Shackelford



Mother

Christmas - 1938

First Edition





THE CHILD'S STORY
OF THE NEGRO



The CHILD'S STORY *of the* NEGRO

By

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Illustrated by

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THE ASSOCIATED PUBLISHERS, INC.

Washington, D. C.

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To My SON
MONTROSE DABNEY SHACKELFORD



INTRODUCTION

In this reader, the author has endeavored to supply a long-felt need of both teachers and pupils of the elementary grades by putting into the hands of the elementary children an easy, interesting book that will help them to appreciate the traditions, aspirations, and achievements of the Negro race.

All the material is motivated. Each selection or group of selections is preceded by motivating and thought-provoking questions to stimulate the pupil's interest and understanding. In working out the questions care has been taken to adapt the thought and vocabulary to the grades for which the book is written.

Illustrations have been included to help the pupils fix visually concrete pictures of the stories and poems, for an attractive book in the hands of the children is an important means of arousing interest in the material to be read.

It is the hope of the author that this reader will supply a real need which up to the present

time has not been met by any publication, and that it will find a hearty welcome from both pupils and teachers of the elementary grades in all sections of the country.

The author is greatly indebted to Miss Blanche E. Fuqua, Director of Elementary Education, Terre Haute, Indiana, and Mr. Charles T. Hyte, Principal of Booker Washington School, Terre Haute, for encouragement, advice, and helpful criticism.

Certain selections are reprinted in this volume through the courtesy of and arrangement with the original publishers. These are "A Cabin Tale" and the "Lullaby" from Dunbar's *Poems* published by Dodd, Mead and Company, and "Hardest Work I Ever Done" and "Hear Dem Bells" from *Work-a-Day Songs* by the University of North Carolina Press.

Terre Haute, Indiana

Jane Dabney Shackelford

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Africa

AFRICA

Far, far across the ocean, miles and miles from our country is a wonderful continent called Africa. It is many times larger than the United States, where we live, and is one of the most interesting lands in the world.

Much of it is covered with a great desert, or hot, dry, sandy land. Some of it is covered with high mountains with snowy peaks. Many rivers, hundreds of miles long, tumble down these mountains and flow into the sea. Some of the rivers flow into beautiful, clear, blue lakes.

In some parts of Africa are deep, dark, dense forests called jungles. In these forests live many of the strange animals which you enjoy seeing at the circus and the parks. Would you like to read some stories about this wonderful land and its people?

THE CLIMATE OF AFRICA

Let us imagine we are making a visit to the middle of Africa, far back from the coast. How

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hot it is! The sun shines so bright that we have to put on our sun glasses to keep it from hurting our eyes. It is so hot that we have to change our clothing. After we put on our thinnest clothes we are not comfortable.

"We must be visiting this country in the summer time," we say to ourselves. But we are told that in this part of Africa there is no summer as we know it. There are no four seasons as we have. Here they have only two seasons, a wet season and a dry season.

During the wet season it rains almost every day and night. During the dry season there is little or no rain.

It is always hot here during the day. Only the mornings and evenings are sometimes cool.

Would you like to live in Africa? Why?

PLANTS AND ANIMALS

How green the grass is! And how tall! In the field it is often twice as high as our heads. The Africans call this tall grass elephant grass.

There are wild flowers everywhere. What

bright colors they are! And how sweet! They make a beautiful carpet under our feet.

Everywhere we see palm trees with their large fern-like leaves. Here also grows the strange baobab or monkey-bread tree, and the tree that gives us our rubber.

On the plains of Africa we find large plantations of cotton, sugar cane, tobacco, coffee, bananas, olives, oranges, and coconuts.

In the forests the trees are very tall. So many vines grow from one branch to the other that they shut out the sun. That is why the jungle is so dark. Here we find all kinds of monkeys chattering in the tree tops. They are very mischievous little fellows. They chase each other through the trees and throw down coconuts on the passers-by.

What bright-colored birds we see! And how sweetly some of them sing! We are surprised to find doves, larks, and hawks just like our birds at home. But we are more interested in the beautiful red and green parrots, the tiny pink bee-eaters, and the little sun-birds.

Did you know that the largest bird in the world lives in Africa? It is the ostrich. When

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it is full-grown, it is taller than the tallest man. It is very different from many birds. It cannot fly at all because its wings are too small; but it can run faster than a horse. Ostriches are very valuable birds because of their beautiful plumes.

Let us travel on into the darkest part of the jungle. Here we find the fiercest animals, such as the lion, tiger, leopard, panther, and hyena. Sometimes they leave the forest and wander down to the villages in search of food. The natives must be very cautious to protect themselves from these beasts.

In some parts of the woods are herds of elephants. These are the giants of the animal world. They do not stay in the jungle all the time, but wander out on the plains. Here we find many other animals that like the tall grass.

Herds of zebras are feeding in the distance. What queer animals they are! They look as if some one painted those gay black stripes on their coats.

Now and then we see a giraffe, the tallest animal in the world. Did you know that this animal cannot make a sound?

Some of the strange animals of Africa like

to be near the swamps and streams. There we find huge crocodiles, hippopotamuses, and rhinoceroses.

Many people think that the rhinoceros is the ugliest animal on earth. Do you? The African rhinoceros is different from those that live in other countries because he has two horns on his big ugly nose. He uses these to fight his enemies and to dig up shrubs and roots which he uses for food.

The eyes of the rhinoceros are very small and he cannot see very well. There is a small bird called a horn-bill that tells him when danger is near. This bird sits on his back and eats the flies that annoy him. If an enemy comes in sight, the horn-bill gives a loud cry and flies away. Then the rhinoceros crashes through the jungle.

INSECT LIFE

This strange country is a paradise for insects. As we travel along, the ground and the air seem alive with them. We think we have never seen so many spiders and centipedes.

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What beautiful butterflies! Their bright-colored wings glisten as they flit from flower to flower.

At night we see thousands of lightning bugs. They are much larger than our fireflies and carry their lights on their heads.

Perhaps the most interesting insects in Africa are the ants. Some of them are just like the ants in our country and have the same habits. Others are quite different. No African insect is feared quite so much as the driver ants. They are flesh-eating creatures and they travel in large armies eating every animal in their path. They have been known to kill and eat the powerful elephant and the lion. There is only one way the animals can escape them and that is to rush into the lakes and streams. The ants cannot cross the water.

FURTHER READING

Would you like to know more about animal life in Africa?

You will find a very interesting and exciting story in *The Upward Path* called "Animal Life in the Congo."

THINGS TO DO

Find all the pictures of African animals that you can and bring them to school.

Draw these animals and make a neat booklet of your drawings.

SOMETHING TO WRITE

Number the lines on a sheet of paper from 1 to 20.

Study the words below and find the word in each line which means the same as the first word of that line.

Write the word beside the number.

1. strange	bold	afraid	queer
2. plantation	rock	farm	storm
3. jungle	forest	look	card
4. valuable	busy	much	precious
5. beast	brown	animal	chair
6. beautiful	pretty	maid	suit
7. stream	glass	brook	corn
8. small	good	case	tiny
9. annoy	body	disturb	write
10. gay	bright	cold	white
11. fierce	thief	wild	make
12. search	look	come	beside
13. travel	old	cat	go
14. chatter	part	talk	letter

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15. wander	grass	go	sheep
16. mischievous	naughty	girl	sole
17. branch	beach	limb	late
18. plume	fruit	neat	feather
19. cautious	came	careful	grow
20. shrub	bush	seed	boy

SOME QUESTIONS TO ANSWER

Number the lines on your paper from 1 to 15.

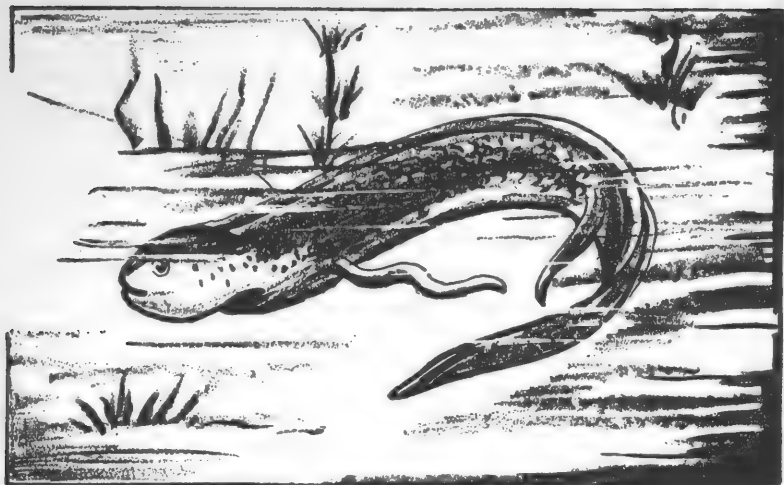
After each number write the name of the animal that answers the question.

1. Which animal cannot make a sound?
2. What is the largest bird in the world?
3. Which animal chatters in the tree tops?
4. Which animal is the giant of the animal world?
5. Which animal is the "King of Beasts"?
6. Which animal has two horns on his nose?
7. Which animal has gay black stripes on his coat?
8. Which animal has beautiful plumes?
9. Which animal is the tallest animal in the world?
10. Which animal has long tusks?
11. Which animal is the ugliest animal in the world?
12. Which animal stays on the back of the rhinoceros?
13. Which animal lives in the water?
14. Which animal travels in armies?
15. Which animal has a lamp on his head?

lightning bug	ant	horn-bill
giraffe	elephant	rhinoceros
crocodile	ostrich	zebra
centipede	lion	monkey
hawk	parrot	sun-bird

WHICH STATEMENTS ARE TRUE?

1. Elephant grass is the tall grass that grows in Africa.
2. There are no wild flowers in Africa.
3. Palm trees have beautiful fern-like leaves.
4. No plants grow on the plains of Africa.
5. The jungle is very dark.
6. In Africa there are many birds just like ours.
7. Ostriches are valuable because of their beautiful plumes.
8. The fiercest animals of Africa are the giraffes and zebras.
9. The giraffe makes a very queer sound.
10. The horn-bill eats flies from the elephant's trunk.
11. The eyes of the rhinoceros are very large.
12. Driver ants are flesh-eating creatures.



Mud Fish

A QUEER AFRICAN FISH

Did you ever see a fish that could live out of water? This might seem a strange question to ask you; but the little African boys and girls who live near the small rivers, or swamps have seen many of them.

You remember that in many parts of Africa there are only two seasons during the year, a wet season and a dry season. There is no summer, winter, autumn, or spring as we know them. During the wet season it rains and rains and rains. The water streams from the sky as if it were poured from a giant pitcher. The

lightning flashes and the thunder rumbles. The water fills the lakes, overflows the rivers, and covers the swamps. There is plenty of water everywhere and the rivers, lakes, and some of the swamps are full of fishes.

Then comes the dry season. Every day the sun beams down on the earth. It dries up many of the small streams and swamps. Now what do you think becomes of the fish in them? Some of them die, of course; but there is one fish that does not need the water in order to live. This is the strange mud-fish or lung-fish as it is sometimes called.

He is a queer looking creature much like a snake or eel; but he has four long slender legs on which he ambles about in the soft mud. He has gills like other fishes and breathes with these under the water. He also has lungs which he uses when the streams or swamps dry up. When he knows that the dry season is coming, he curls himself up in a mud ball. Here he sleeps until the rainy season comes again and washes his mud house away.

While in this mud ball, some of these lung-fish are dug up and sent to our country to be

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put into aquariums in large cities. The mud houses are sometimes so hard that men have to chisel the fish out. When the hard mud cell breaks open and the fish is put into the water, he will uncurl himself and swim away so quickly that you would never believe he had been asleep so long.

It seems strange that a fish has lungs and breathes as you do, and it is also queer that he can live in a hard mud ball; but this is one of the many ways Nature provides for the protection of her creatures.

When you visit a large city, perhaps you would like to go to the aquarium to see if you can find a lung-fish. You will probably find many other interesting African fish also.

THINGS TO DO

If you can find pictures of strange fishes, bring them to school and show them to the class.

You will find many pictures in Compton's *Pictured Encyclopedia* and *The Book of Knowledge*.

If you have ever visited an aquarium, tell the class about some of the interesting fish you saw there.

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YES OR NO

Number the lines on a sheet of paper from 1 to 12.

Beside each number write "Yes" for each true statement and "No" for each statement which is not true.

1. In Africa there are two seasons during the year.
2. During the dry season it rains most of the time.
3. The African mud-fish looks like a snake.
4. He can live in the water and out of the water.
5. He does not have gills like other fishes.
6. He rolls himself up in a mud ball and sleeps during the rainy season.
7. Sometimes the mud ball is so hard that men have to chisel the fish out.
8. Some African mud-fish are brought to our country and put into aquariums.
9. When these fish are put into aquariums, they uncurl themselves and swim away.
10. No one visits the aquariums.
11. It is not strange that a fish has lungs as we do.
12. Nature has many ways of protecting her creatures.



Palm Trees

A TREE THAT IS THE STAFF OF LIFE

What food is called "the staff of life"? Why do we call it that? Did you know that there is an African tree which is called by the same name? It is the stately coconut palm tree. It grows in many parts of Africa and is one of the most useful trees in the world.

It does not look like most of the trees you have seen. It is very tall and slender and has no branches on its trunk. At the top is a huge cluster of long, wide, green leaves that look like giant ferns. These leaves spread out from the trunk just as your fingers spread out from the palm of your hand. That is why this tree is called the palm tree.

The Africans often say that there is a use for the palm every day of the year, and when you find out how they use it, you will think this is true. It furnishes food, drink, shelter, clothing, furniture, musical instruments, and weapons for the natives.

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They eat the fresh white meat of the coconut and drink the milk. They make a kind of wine out of the trunk of the tree and use the sap for making sugar.

Hats, mats, brushes, and ropes are made from the husks of the coconuts; and baskets, fans, and hammocks are made from the palm leaves.

The African makes his hut from the trunk of the tree and covers it with the leaves. In almost every hut you will find a quiver of poisoned arrows made of palm wood, fish hooks made from the hard spines of the leaves, and a musical instrument made from the palm stems.

Many natives pound the bark of the palm tree into a coarse cloth and use it to make their clothing.

I cannot tell you all the different ways the Africans use this beautiful tree; but is it any wonder that it is called the most useful tree in the world?

SOMETHING TO TALK ABOUT

If you are interested in strange trees you will want to know about the baobab tree, the rubber tree, and the mangrove tree.

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Some people say that the mangrove tree grows upside down because roots grow out of its branches.

Find out all you can about these queer trees and tell the class about them.

SOMETHING TO WRITE

Write all the words which name things that are made from the palm tree.

- | | | |
|-------------|--------------|-------------|
| 1. hut | 6. gold | 11. wine |
| 2. mat | 7. hammock | 12. hat |
| 3. roof | 8. basket | 13. sugar |
| 4. elephant | 9. fish-hook | 14. secret |
| 5. cloth | 10. woman | 15. evening |

Write the words that do not belong in each list.

- | | | |
|-------------|---------|--------------|
| 1. dwelling | 2. hook | 3. vegetable |
| apartment | husk | brush |
| mansion | line | mirror |
| hut | reel | comb |
| hammock | bait | hair |

THE LORD OF THE JUNGLE

Did you ever see a circus parade? What animals were in it? Which animal was the most interesting to you? Many children enjoy seeing the elephant most of all. Would you like to know some wonderful things about this giant of the animal world? As you read this story, see what you learn about the elephant which you did not know before.

Some of the circus elephants come from Africa and some from India. These elephants do not look exactly alike. Can you tell them apart? It is very easy. The African elephant is much larger than the Indian elephant. His ears and teeth are much greater than those of his Indian cousin. Sometimes the ears grow so large that a native might easily hide behind one of them. The African elephant always has long tusks, while the Indian elephant is sometimes without them entirely.

If we were traveling through the jungle and came upon one of these huge beasts, we should

expect to see many others close by, because elephants do not like to be alone. They travel in large herds, and one never leaves the others unless he is driven away for some mischief he has done. He then becomes a "rogue" and is one of the most dangerous animals of the jungle. None of the others will let him come near them, and he is an outcast from elephant society. This makes him very angry and he spends the rest of his life annoying other animals and human beings. Some rogues have been known to steal into the African villages at night and trample down all the vegetables and fruit on the large plantations. Often some of the natives are killed trying to destroy this mad giant. African hunters are always looking for these dangerous beasts, and they kill them whenever they are found.

Elephants make their home in the thickest part of the jungle near the lakes or streams. They are always found near the water because they like to bathe and swim. Did you ever see a circus elephant taking his bath? He draws a large quantity of water up into his trunk, then he sprinkles it all over himself. If he were in

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the jungle he would then give himself a dust bath in the same way. The dust keeps the flies from biting him and also keeps him cool.

During the day when the African sun is hottest, you will find the elephants sleeping somewhere in the jungle shade. When the sun goes down, they come out in search of food and water. It is very interesting to watch them. They have a leader who goes first to see if danger is near. He creeps through the bushes so silently that no one can hear him. Then he stops and listens. If all is well he calls to the others and they come slowly down to the water. They have great fun swimming and bathing; then off they go to look for food.

Elephants do not always stay in the same part of the jungle. Sometimes their favorite swimming hole dries up during the dry season, so they seek another part of the woods where water is more plentiful.

I do not need to tell you how intelligent these animals are, because you have seen them do many wonderful things in the circus.

The African native hunts the elephant for his ivory tusks and he uses his flesh for food.

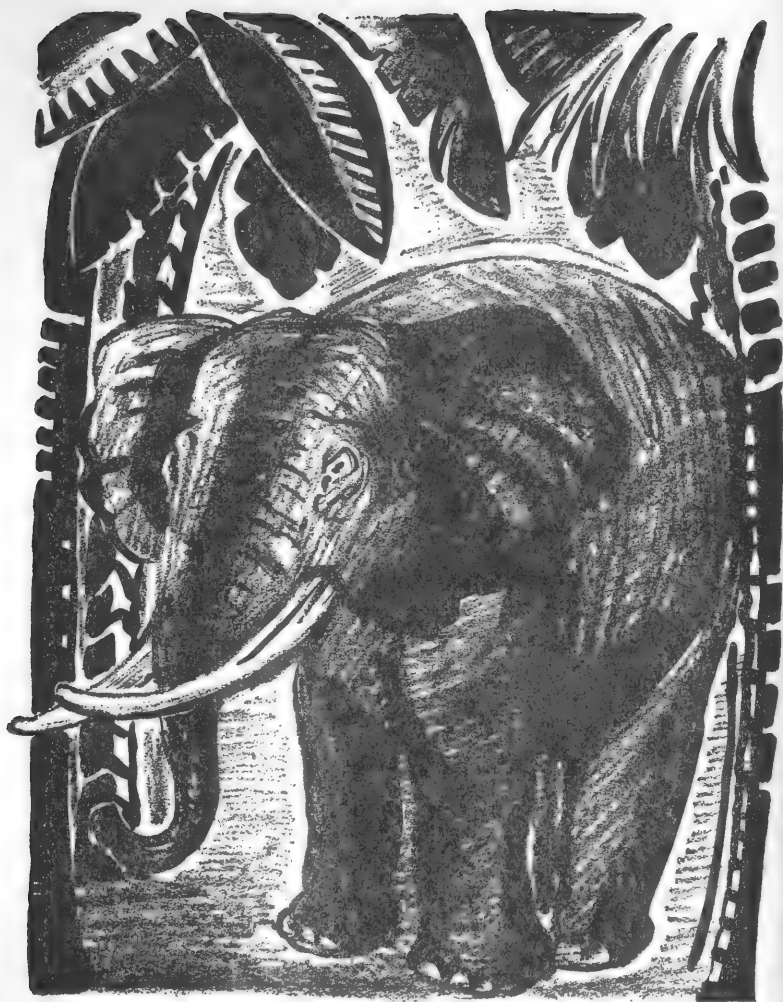
JUMBO

The largest and most famous elephant ever captured was one from Africa. His name was Jumbo. He was born in Egypt. When he was only four feet high he was taken to London, England, and placed in the zoo. How the English children loved him! They visited the zoo every day to ride on his back and feed him peanuts. They watched him grow and grow. He grew to be eleven feet high!

One day a circus owner visited the London zoo. His name was Mr. P. T. Barnum, and he was looking for animals for his circus. He had heard that Jumbo was the largest elephant in the world, so he wanted to buy him.

"This fine elephant should be in a circus," he said. "Then all the children in the world could enjoy riding on his back and feeding him peanuts."

"I will give you ten thousand dollars for him," he said to the owner.



The African Elephant

His offer was accepted, and Jumbo was sold. How the English children cried! They did not want their playmate to leave the country. Jumbo did not like it either. He wanted to stay there with the other animals he had known so long.

At last the day came for him to make his journey. He seemed to know what was going to happen, and you could hear his trumpeting far from the zoo.

A great cage was built for him. It was on wheels and had one large door. The men moved it up close to Jumbo's den and opened the door. When the elephant was coaxed into the cage, the door was closed. They took him on board a large ship and brought him to America.

For several years he traveled in Mr. Barnum's circus. He was a delight to both children and grown folk.

One day while he was being loaded on the circus train in Canada, he was struck and killed by another train. He was then twenty-six years old, and he was over eleven feet high.

You may see Jumbo's skeleton in the National Museum at Washington, D. C., and his stuffed

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skin is in the Tufts College Museum near Boston.

FURTHER READING

If you have enjoyed this story of Jumbo, you may like to read "The Elephant's Child" by Rudyard Kipling. It tells an amusing story about a little Indian elephant and explains why the elephant's trunk is so long.

CHOOSE THE RIGHT ENDINGS

Number the lines on your paper from 1 to 9. Write the correct ending for each sentence beside your numbers.

1. Circus elephants
 - Come from Africa and India.
 - Come from China.
 - Come from America.
2. African elephants are
 - Smaller than Indian elephants.
 - The same size as Indian elephants.
 - Larger than Indian elephants.
3. The African elephant
 - Has no tusks.
 - Always has long tusks.

Has short tusks.

4. All elephants

Travel in herds.

Stay in the jungle.

Travel alone.

5. Rogue elephants

Are very timid.

Are very dangerous.

Are liked by the others.

6. Elephants make their homes

In the thickest part of the jungle.

On the plains.

In the water.

7. The elephant

Is a good swimmer.

Does not like the water.

Cannot swim.

8. Elephants

Never go to sleep.

Sleep in the daytime.

Sleep in the water.

9. Elephants

Are very intelligent.

Cannot do tricks.

Never travel with the circus.



The Village

THE PEOPLE OF CENTRAL AFRICA

We find that most of the people of central Africa are Negroes. No one knows how long they have lived on this continent; but it must have been a very long time. Many of them live in tribes much like the Indians in our country. Each tribe has a chief who rules over it.

These people build their villages near the rivers, lakes, and forests. Each village has only one street, and the houses are built on both sides of it. Around them are high walls made of mud or fences of bamboo. These walls have only one opening. At night the cattle, sheep, and goats are driven inside to keep them from being killed by wild animals. The part of the village where the cattle are kept is called the kraal.

The African Negroes are very interesting people. They are brave, strong, proud, and industrious. Their skin is very smooth and brown, and their teeth are very white. They try

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to make their bodies more beautiful just as we do; but their ideas about beauty are not the same as ours. They paint their faces in bright colors, and dress their hair in many curious ways.

It is so hot in this part of Africa that the people wear very little clothing. Many of the men and boys wear only an apron of animal skins, or a strip of white cotton cloth wrapped around their waists. The women and girls wear bark cloth dresses or a piece of cotton cloth wrapped around the body and tied at the shoulder.

Both men and women are fond of jewelry. They wear necklaces, bracelets, and anklets made of beads, shells, brass, and ivory.

FURTHER READING

Many different people live in Africa. There are black people, brown people, yellow people, and white people there. In the southern part of Africa there are some small yellow people that look like brownies because of their size. They are little dwarfs that grow about four feet tall. They are very skillful little people. They make all kinds of traps to catch their game. They shoot with the bow and arrow, and make

a kind of poison for their arrows which will kill the animal without spoiling the meat.

Another interesting thing about them is that they are somewhat like camels. The camel can go for days and days without water, and these little dwarfs can go for many days without food. You can find out how they are able to do this and many other interesting things about them in *The Young Folks' Treasury*.

Ask your teacher to tell you about some other interesting people of Africa. Make a list of them and point out on the map of Africa where these people live. Africa is a large continent, and some of the people live far away from others.

SOMETHING TO DO

Write the following sentences filling the blanks with the words on the following page.

1. The Negroes of central Africa live in tribes much like the _____.
2. Each tribe is ruled by a _____.
3. Africans live in _____ near the rivers, lakes, and forests.
4. Around the villages are high _____ made of mud.
5. There is one _____ in the wall.
6. Every night the _____ are driven inside the wall.
7. The cattle are kept in the _____.

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8. African Negroes are very _____.
9. Their _____ look like pearls.
10. They wear very little _____.

Indians	chief	villages
walls	opening	cattle
kraal	teeth	brave
clothing	grass	trees

Answer the following questions with "Yes" or "No."

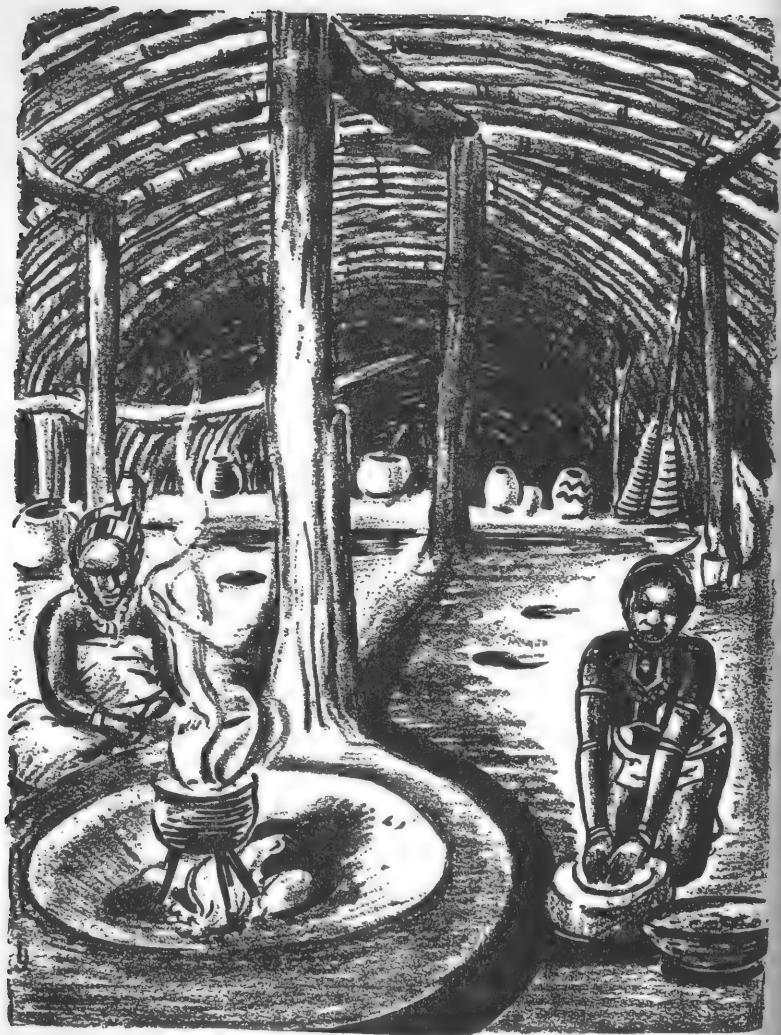
1. Does any one know how long Negroes have lived in Africa?
2. Have they lived there a long time?
3. Does each African village have many streets?
4. Are the walls around the villages made of bamboo?
5. Are the animals driven inside the kraal in the morning?
6. Are the African Negroes interesting people?
7. Do they wear much jewelry?
8. Do many different people live in Africa?
9. Are any white people there?
10. Do the Africans live close together?

THE HOMES OF THE AFRICANS

An African village is a very queer sight. From a distance it looks like a group of haystacks. Most of the houses are round and are built of poles stuck into the ground. They are plastered with mud which hardens in the hot sun. The roofs are made of sticks which are covered with elephant grass or palm leaves. Many of them come to a point at the top and look like a round hat resting on the walls. These roofs keep out the heavy rains during the wet season and keep the house cool during the dry season.

There are no windows in these houses and only one small door. The floor is the earth pounded hard. In the center of it is the stove. It is not really a stove at all, but a hole in the ground where the fire is made. Here the food is cooked on the coals or boiled in clay pots.

We do not find much furniture in these homes. On the floor we see clay jars, bowls, and



At Home

a pile of mats on which the family sleeps at night. On the walls hang spears, bows and arrows, baskets, fishing lines, and musical instruments.

Near each African home there is a garden where the women raise the fruit and vegetables for the family. In these gardens you will find peanuts, corn, beans, bananas, melons, oranges, and sweet potatoes. You would like these foods, wouldn't you? But how would you like roasted locusts, caterpillars, ants, monkeys, rats, beetles, and elephants' feet? I think I would rather go hungry than eat some of those things, wouldn't you?

THINGS TO TALK ABOUT

How is the home of the African different from yours? Why is it different?

What do Africans eat that you like? What African food do you dislike?

Who raises the fruits and vegetables for the African family? Why?

What do the Africans plant in their gardens?

Do any of these fruits and vegetables grow in our country? Name them.

THE AFRICAN AT WORK

If we were to spend much time in an African village we would find the people doing many interesting things. Some of them are farmers on the large plantations which are usually a long distance from the village. Others may tend the cattle during the day and drive them back to the kraal at night.

Many of the men spend their time hunting and fishing. They kill the elephant for his ivory tusks and the hippopotamus for his teeth and hide. They hunt the leopard for his beautiful skin and the ostrich for his feathers.

Here and there we find potters making beautiful jars, pots, bowls, and vases of clay.

Outside a hut we may see a weaver making baskets and mats. No one is idle there.

THE AFRICAN BLACKSMITH

Probably the most interesting workers are the village blacksmiths. They are the men who



African Work in Iron

make the weapons with which the Africans hunt, and the tools which they use in their gardens. Let us watch them at their work.

Outside an African hut are two men and a little boy. In front of them we see a small fire and a wide, smooth piece of iron which is used for an anvil. The boy has a large leather bellows in his hands; and, as he opens and closes it, he fans the fire and makes it burn.

One man squats before the fire and drops lumps of charcoal on it, then lumps of iron ore. This is a kind of rock that has some iron in it. As long as the iron is mixed with this rock, it cannot be used to make anything, so the blacksmith must separate them.

The heat from the fire melts the iron and it runs off. Then one of the men gathers it up and places it on the anvil. The other hammers it with a large iron hammer.

Before the iron can be made into a spear or hatchet, it must be tempered or made hard and tough. It takes many hours of heating and hammering to temper a piece of iron as the African does it.

All day long these natives are at work. The

boy takes care of the fire while the men heat the iron and hammer it into shape. After many hours of hard work this little piece of iron becomes something useful.

The African Negro is the most skillful blacksmith among primitive people. He taught the world how to smelt and refine iron. He is a very patient worker. He often spends weeks on a small knife and works for months to make a large spear or hatchet.

The iron made by these African blacksmiths is better than most of the iron made anywhere else in the world. Other people have learned to make it more cheaply and more easily; but no one has ever made it better.

SOMETHING TO DO

Make an African village on the sand table. Put the following things in it.

1. A group of houses.
2. The kraal.
3. Palm trees.
4. Africans at work.

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Draw and cut out some African animals and put them in a jungle far from the village.

You will find many interesting pictures of Africans in the following books:

Negro Makers of History by Carter G. Woodson

African Myths by Carter G. Woodson

Compton's *Pictured Encyclopedia*

The Book of Knowledge

Around the World with the Children by Carpenter

Lands and Peoples by the Grolier Society

SOMETHING TO WRITE

Write the words in the first column. After each word write a word from the second list that has the opposite meaning.

1. cheap	inside
2. useful	expensive
3. smooth	difficult
4. easy	useless
5. seldom	rough
6. outside	often
7. tough	nothing
8. something	tender
9. interesting	ugly
10. beautiful	dull

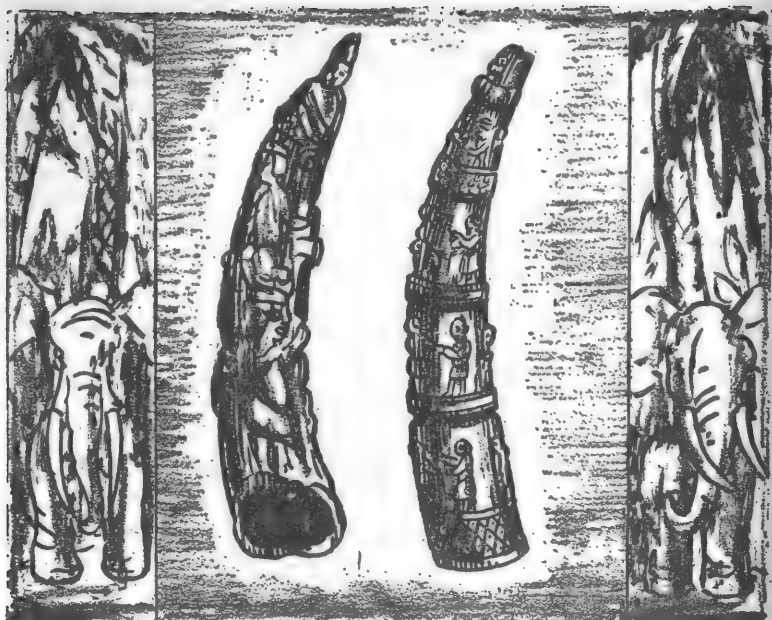


African Sculpture

THE AFRICAN SCULPTOR

Some of the African Negroes do very skillful work in wood-carving. Here is the head of an African girl that was carved out of wood hundreds of years ago. It was found recently in the central part of Africa. It was taken to Paris, France, and studied by many artists. Some of them said it was a very beautiful piece of work for an unschooled African to do. They also said that the one who sculptured it was a much better workman than many artists in America and Europe.

The African artist carves many beautiful



Carved Ivory Trumpets

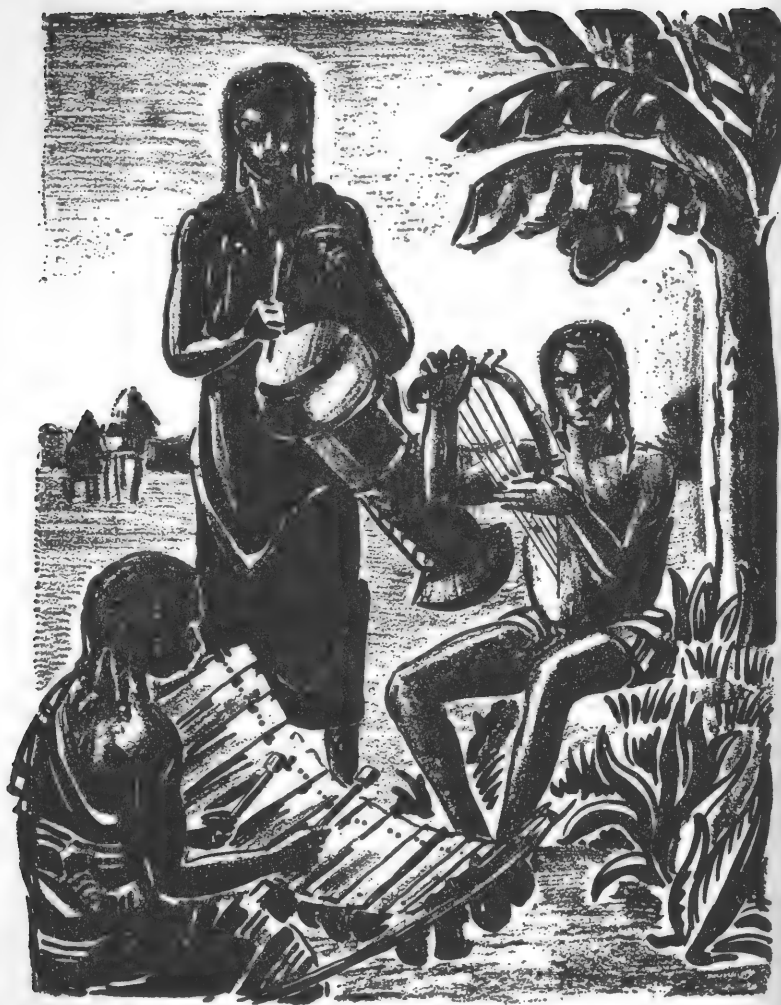
things from the tusks of the elephant. Here are two ivory trumpets which were made by a very skillful worker. First he cut off a length of the tusk. Then he carved it with a small instrument called an adz. He had no pattern but did all this fine work freehand. Perhaps his father, grandfather and many great grandfathers were sculptors too. When he finished carving these trumpets, he polished them with silica crystals. Then he took them to the market and sold them for a large sum of money.

THE AFRICAN MUSICIAN

The African native is very fond of music and you will find musicians in all parts of Africa. He likes to sing or chant his religious songs, and he enjoys playing his instruments while others dance and sing. His love of music has inspired him to make many different kinds of instruments.

Many beautiful trumpets made of ivory, wood, or even sea shells are used by the African chiefs. In time of war, the natives beat the tom-tom or crude drum which is made by tying an animal skin tightly over the end of a hollow log. They beat these drums with drum sticks just as we do.

Long before pianos were made the Africans used a musical instrument that was much like it. They called it a marimba. The keys were made of palm wood instead of ivory, and the player beat upon them with wooden hammers instead of playing on them with his fingers.



Musicians

In every large orchestra you will see a musical instrument which looks very much like the marimba, and it is played in the same manner. It is called a xylophone. Look for it when you see another orchestra.

Did you know that the Africans were the first people to use stringed instruments? Hundreds of years ago they played sweet music on an instrument which looked very much like our mandolin. It had five long strings that were plucked with the fingers. The natives often sang as they played this instrument during their feasts and dances, and their sweet music was heard far from the village.

You will find many interesting stories about the music of primitive peoples in *The Book of Knowledge*. Perhaps your teacher will read you some of them.

If you would like to see pictures of musical instruments used by people thousands of years ago, you will find many of them in Compton's *Pictured Encyclopedia*.

There are also some very interesting pictures of musical instruments used by the Africans in *Negro Musicians and Their Music*, by Maud Cuney-Hare.

THE MEDICINE MAN

In every African village there was a very strange and important man whom the natives called the Medicine Man or Witch Doctor. He made the people believe that he could do many wonderful things, and the natives feared and honored him. Whenever any one was ill, he went to this strange person for medicine. When the farmers needed rain, they asked the Medicine Man to bring rain. Sometimes the natives thought that evil spirits were causing their misfortune. Then they asked the Medicine Man to drive these spirits away.

We know that these men could not do all the things the Africans wanted them to do, but some Medicine Men did the natives much good. They spent much time in the forest studying the different plants there. They learned what roots and herbs to use to cure many diseases. They made an ointment that would cure snake bite. So you can see why this man was a very impor-

tant person in the village. He stood next to the king. In some places he was the king himself.

When Africans were brought to our country as slaves, some Medicine Men were brought here too. Sometimes these slaves gained their freedom because they could cure some diseases that the white doctors could not cure.

SENTENCE PUZZLES

The words in the following sentences are mixed up. Try to put them in their right places so that they will make true statements.

1. A was Medicine Man village in every African.
2. The feared him natives and him honored.
3. He many things did wonderful.
4. Africans the believed could rain bring the Medicine Man.
5. Some in spirits evil Africans believed.
6. Medicine Men some much good did.
7. They plants in studied the forest the.
8. Many cured they diseases.
9. Some of them an ointment for made snake bite.
10. Some in places was the Man Medicine the king.



The Story-teller

AFRICAN STORY-TELLERS

One of the occupations which Africans seem to enjoy most is story-telling. Sometimes the story-teller is an old woman in the village. Sometimes he is a man who travels from one village to another. Always he is one of the most respectable persons among the natives.

At evening when the tasks of the day are finished and the sun has gone down, a large group gathers in a circle in the village street or camp to listen to the telling of folk tales. Some of these are old, old stories which parents have told their children from one generation to another. Others are tales which the story-tellers make-up or imagine themselves. They always tell them in a very delightful way. Sometimes a part of the story is sung or crooned; other parts are acted. When the story-teller is acting the part of a beast, he shrieks and howls just like the animal, and the listeners scream with laughter.

Would you like to read some of the folk-tales which were told by these traveling story-tellers?

THE LAZY JACKAL AND THE LION

In this story there is a quarrel between the Jackal and the Lion. As you read it, see if you can tell what caused the quarrel and how it was finally ended.

Once upon a time during the hot season, all the streams dried up in the jungle, and the animals had no water to drink. All of them were very thirsty, so they tried to find a spring.

They searched for a long time and finally found one. Very little water came from it because the hole had not been dug deep enough in the ground.

"Let us dig a deeper hole," said the lion, "so we can have plenty of cool water."

Now one of the animals was a very lazy fellow. He was the jackal. He would not help the other animals at all; so when they finished digging the hole, they said:

"Since Mr. Jackal would not help us, let us keep him from drinking any water at our spring."

The lion promised to guard the spring and said he would eat the jackal if he caught him near the place.

One very hot day the jackal came running up to the spring. He pretended he was not thirsty. He sat down near the lion and began to eat some delicious honey which he pulled out of his bag.

"I am not at all thirsty, Mr. Lion," he said. "This honey is much better than that spring water."

"You might let me try it," said the lion.

The jackal gave him some and the lion enjoyed it so much that he asked for more.

"You will enjoy the flavor of the honey more," said the jackal, "if you lie on your back and let me pour it down your throat."

The lion did as he was told, and began to wave his great paws in delight, thinking of the feast in store for him.

"I am afraid of those great paws of yours," said the jackal. "Let me tie them up; then I can lean over you and pour the honey down safely."

The lion was very foolish. He let the jackal tie his paws tightly with a strong rope. Then the jackal laughed loudly.

"Now I have you," he said, and trotted over to the spring and drank all the water he wanted. Then he started to run home.

"Oh Mr. Jackal!" roared the lion, "please do not leave me tied up like this. The other animals will make fun of me, and I shall not be their king. If you will untie these ropes, I will give you all the water you want."

At first the jackal did not know what to do. After he thought awhile, he decided to trust the lion and let him loose. So the jackal set the lion free and gave him more of his honey. Then the lion told all the other animals to forgive the jackal and allow him to drink at their spring. So from that time all the animals lived happily in the jungle.

There is an old African proverb which says, "He who forgives ends the quarrel." Can you give an example of the proverb in this story?

If you like stories about animals you will enjoy *Animal Fables* by A. O. Stafford.

THE BOASTING CATERPILLAR

This is a good story to read aloud. Study it very carefully so that you can read it to the class. Try to say all the animals' speeches just as you think they said them.

If the class should dramatize the story, which part would you want to take?

A little caterpillar lived in the jungle not far from the home of a rabbit. He was very proud of his black and yellow suit, so he strutted out to show it one day.

While he was going down the path a terrible storm came up. The rain fell so fast that he had to run for shelter. He went to the home of the rabbit and crawled into his house as the rabbit was not at home. Here he stayed until the shower was over.

Before he could start home, the rabbit came back. He was surprised to find some tracks on the ground near his door.

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"Some one is in my house," he said. "Who is it?"

The little caterpillar was so frightened he did not know what to do; so he answered in a gruff voice, "I am the son of Great Chief Ungwa! I am a terrible fellow! I can crush the elephant with one foot!"

The rabbit was frightened. He had never heard such a voice in his life. He did not try to enter his house but went away saying, "I must find some one to help me get this terrible beast out of my house, if I want to live in it again."

Soon he met the leopard. He told him that there was a terrible beast in his house, and asked him if he would come and make him leave. When the leopard reached the rabbit's home he growled out, "Who is in this house?"

The caterpillar replied in a much louder voice, "I am the son of Great Chief Ungwa! I am a terrible fellow! I can crush the elephant with one foot!"

"I am very sorry, Friend Rabbit," said the leopard, "but if this terrible creature can crush the elephant with one foot, he will do the same to me."

So the leopard and the rabbit started away together. They met the rhinoceros, and the rabbit asked him if he would help him. The rhinoceros went to the rabbit's house and talked to the caterpillar, but when he heard him say he could crush the elephant, he told the rabbit he could not help him.

Now a little frog came jumping along. He saw the animals standing before the rabbit's house, and he wondered what was the matter. When he learned that a terrible beast was inside, he hopped up to the door and asked who was inside just as the others had done. He heard the same answer from the caterpillar. But the frog was not afraid. Instead of leaving he went up to the door and shouted, "I who am greater than Ungwa have come! My muscles are as hard as stone and I am as ugly as I am strong! Come out from the house of my friend, the rabbit!"

When the caterpillar heard this, he was frightened. He trembled from head to foot; and when he saw the frog coming toward him, he cried, "O please do not kill me! I have done no harm! I am only a little caterpillar."

The animals dragged the little fellow out of

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the rabbit's house. Then all of them laughed because they had been fooled by a little caterpillar.

Why did the animals forgive the caterpillar? What might have happened if they had not forgiven him? Why was it better for them to let him go? What part of this story do you like best?

There is an old African proverb which says, "He who boasts much cannot do much." Tell how this is illustrated in the story.

SOMETHING TO WRITE

Copy the following sentences, leaving out the words which tell something that is not true.

1. The caterpillar lived in the (river, sky, jungle).
2. He was proud of his new (suit, house, garden).
3. When the rain fell he crawled into the rabbit's (den, house, closet).
4. The caterpillar pretended that he was a (terrible, kind, good) creature.
5. He frightened the (leopard, cat, dog).
6. The (rhinoceros, frog, elephant) was not afraid.
7. He made the caterpillar (tremble, eat, sing).
8. All the animals (forgave, beat, hopped) the caterpillar.

THE OLD WOMAN AND THE SLY LITTLE RABBIT

In this folk tale, the story teller has imagined that human beings can talk to animals and that they can understand each other. As you read the story, see if you can tell all the qualities the hare had which human beings have.

Do you enjoy stories like this one?

A long time ago a little old woman lived in a little grass hut near a large plantation. She was very, very poor; and she had no one to care for her. She was a very good cook, and even the animals had heard of her delicious porridge and coconut cakes.

One day when she was sitting outside her hut, a little rabbit came by. He went to her and said, "You are getting very old, and you have no child to work for you. Why don't you adopt me? I will go to the field and make your garden, and you can give me my food."

The old woman was very happy.

"You are right," she said; "and I am glad that you want to help me. Whenever you come from the field, I shall have your dinner ready for you."

Then she gave the rabbit a spade, a hoe, a rake, and some seed to sow. Every day the rabbit left the house, telling the old woman he was going to work in the garden. Every evening when he came home she had his meals ready for him.

But the rabbit was not doing any work at all. He would go near a large plantation where some people were working and lie down and sleep all day. When dinner time came, he hurried to the old woman's hut to get his food.

One day she asked him how the garden was growing.

"Just fine!" he said. "Let me take you to see it."

She went with him, and he showed her the large plantation. She was very happy and told the rabbit he was a very good farmer.

Soon it was time to gather the crops. Both of them went to the plantation, and the old woman began to gather the grain. Just then the owner of the plantation came out to see who could be taking his grain.

"What are you doing on my plantation?" he asked.

"I am cutting the grain that my child has raised," she said.

The owner laughed. "Your child has done no work," he said. "He has come to the edge of my plantation each morning and has gone to sleep with his garden tools beside him."

It was then that the poor old woman knew the rabbit had not told her the truth. The sly little fellow had slipped away while she and the farmer were talking, and she could not punish him.

But the farmer was a kind man. He told the woman she could have all the grain she wanted if she would cook him some coconut cakes. So when the dry season came, the old woman had all the food she needed.

Were the human qualities which the rabbit had desirable or undesirable?

If the rabbit were a human being, would he be a good citizen? Why? Have you ever seen someone who reminded you of the rabbit?

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Write the following words which best describe the rabbit. Write those that best describe the old woman.

lazy	charitable
rich	wealthy
dishonest	kind
good	unfaithful
disobedient	cowardly
cunning	grateful
sly	deceiving
poor	neat
thrifty	feeble
industrious	ungrateful

SOMETHING TO DRAW

1. The old woman cooking in her hut.
2. The old woman sitting outside her hut talking to the rabbit.
3. The rabbit going to work with his spade, hoe, and rake.
4. The rabbit watching the men work on the plantation.
5. The rabbit lying in the shade near the plantation.
6. The old woman and the rabbit eating supper.

THE NEIGHBORS' BARGAIN

The primitive African is very intelligent, and his ideas about right and wrong are just like ours. As you read this story, see if you can tell why it is a good example of our golden rule. What is the golden rule?

Zambi and Selus were two neighbors who lived side by side. Zambi owned a very fine elephant which he loved very dearly. The elephant worked for him every day and helped him to earn his living.

One day Selus went to Zambi and said, "Friend Zambi, please lend me your elephant today. I want him to do some work for me. I shall bring him back tomorrow."

"You may use him, Friend Selus," said Zambi. "Take care of him and please return him tomorrow."

Selus took the elephant and went home. Early the next morning he went to Zambi's house looking very sad.

"I have bad news, Friend Zambi," he said.

"Your elephant died while working for me. What shall I do? I can pay you for him or buy you another elephant."

Zambi was very angry. "You shall do neither," he said. "Give me back my elephant, or I will kill you!"

Selus knew that he could not do this, so he said, "But your elephant is dead, Friend Zambi, and I cannot give him back to you."

"Then I will kill you!" said Zambi.

Selus ran home and told his wife what Zambi had said.

"I think I know a plan that will change his mind," she said. "Put my best water jug behind the door."

Selus did as he was told, and they sat down and waited. After a while Zambi came to the door and knocked loudly.

"Who is there?" asked the wife.

"It is Zambi! Your husband killed my elephant, and I have come to kill him!"

"Open the door and come in," she said.

When Zambi opened the door, the beautiful water jug fell to the floor and broke into a hundred pieces.

"You have broken my beautiful jug!" cried the wife. "Give it back to me!"

"I cannot give it back to you," said Zambi. "But I will pay for it or buy another."

"I do not want another," said the wife. "I want that one. Give it back to me or my husband will kill you."

"But I can't give it back," said Zambi. "It is broken into a hundred pieces."

"Then my husband will kill you."

Zambi knew then that Selus and his wife had played a clever trick on him, so he said, "I have been very foolish. I was wrong to say I must have my elephant back. Give me another, and I will be satisfied."

Then Selus said, "If you do not try to kill me, I will not kill you. Let us be friends. Give me another jug, and I will be satisfied."

So the neighbors did not quarrel any more and ever afterwards lived peaceably together.

This is another excellent story to read orally. Study it so that you can read it to the class without making any mistakes.

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How many people are speaking in the story? Be sure to change your voice so that the class will be able to recognize each character.

SOMETHING TO WRITE

Write the following sentences, putting in the words that are left out.

1. Zambi and Selus were two _____.
2. Zambi owned a very fine _____.
3. The elephant helped Zambi to earn his _____.
4. Selus _____ Zambi's elephant.
5. The elephant _____ while working for Selus.
6. Zambi was very _____.
7. He wanted to _____ Selus.
8. Zambi's wife was very _____.
9. She and her husband played a _____ on Selus.
10. After this the neighbors became _____ again.

PLAYTIME IN AFRICA

The African children do not have much work to do, so a great part of their time is spent in having fun. Would you like to know some of the games they play?

Many of their games are just like ours. They play tag, run races, play horse, and swing high into the air on swings made of bark rope.

In any African village you will find the very small boys and girls playing together; but when they grow older, they do not play the same games. The boys enjoy playing with bows and arrows, balls, and tops.

One of their most enjoyable games is played with little tops made of corn cobs. There are two sides in this game. Ten or twelve boys are on each side. They sit in a wide open space in two lines facing each other and about eight feet apart. Each player stands a corn cob on end in front of him. Then he winds up his top and spins it across the clear space trying to knock



At Play

over the corn cob of the player opposite him. This game is very exciting and the players shout with laughter when a corn cob "soldier" falls down. The side which knocks down the more "soldiers" wins the game.

HIDE AND SEEK

All the African boys and girls play "hide-and-seek" and what fun they have! They have many places to hide. There is tall elephant grass everywhere, and in most places you will find clay ant hills so large that even a man can easily hide behind them.

You have played this game many times, I am sure; but perhaps you have not played it as the Africans do. Sometimes the seeker pretends he is a tiger, and the other players are hares. The little hares scamper into the grass, and the tiger tries to catch one for his dinner. If he succeeds, the player who is caught becomes the tiger. Some children may have one place called home. This is usually a tree or ant hill. If the hares reach home without being caught, they are safe and the tiger has no dinner.

WHAT THE GIRLS PLAY

When the little African girls play, they try to do what their mothers do. They play house, taking care of their queer little dolls which they make out of clay or corn cobs. These corn cob dolls do not look at all like the pretty dolls you have. They are just a dry cob dressed up. For hair they have short grass which is pasted on top of the head, and for eyes they have two black beads. Some girls wrap their babies in a blanket while others dress them in a short dress made from the bark of the palm tree. Would you like to play with a doll like that?

LITTLE TOY SHOPS

In Africa you will not find large toy shops as we have in our country. Many little African boys and girls make their own toys out of the clay of the ant hills. If this clay has become hard, they pound it up and wet it. Then it can be molded like our plasticene. The girls make dolls, pots, bowls, baskets, and little doll houses just like their own homes. They cover them

with sticks and grass and put their clay babies inside.

The boys make clay men, cattle, and sheep. Then they build a kraal where they keep their animals at night. After all the clay toys are made, they are baked in the coals or in the hot sun. This makes them hard and they are not easily broken.

SOMETHING TO DO

With your plasticene model some toys of the African children.

FURTHER READING

There is a very interesting story in *The Upward Path* which tells how some African boys and girls obtain their education. It is entitled "The Devil Bush and the Greegree Bush."

Ask your teacher to read it to you.



Myth

MYTHS

When children begin to notice the world about them, they ask many interesting questions. Why do the stars fall? What makes the colors in the rainbow? Why does the giraffe have such a long neck? Why do frogs hop?

Did you ever hear a child ask questions like these? Little people wonder about so many things that they do not understand, and they are not satisfied until some one explains such things to them.

Great men, called scientists, have studied the earth and its people for many years. They have found the answers to many questions that children and some grown people wonder about. We now read books that the scientists have written to explain many obscure matters.

But many, many years ago, when the human race was young, the primitive child asked such questions as children do now. Since there were no scientists then, how do you think these questions were answered?

The people made up or imagined strange stories that explained what they did not understand. These stories are called myths. They are very much like fairy tales because they tell of things that can never happen;

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but in one way they are different from fairy tales because the people believed them.

Every nation on earth has imagined and believed in myths at some time. When we study these tales, we learn much about the lives of these early peoples.

Would you like to know some of the things the African children wondered about? Would you like to know some of the questions they asked about the world in which they lived, and how these questions were answered?

Let us read some of these beautiful stories that the African mothers told their children in answer to their many questions.

The first myth tells a tale about the hippopotamus. Look at his picture on the next page and it will help you to enjoy the story.



THE HIPPOPOTAMUS

The word, hippopotamus, means "river horse" in the Greek language. But this huge animal does not look like a horse, does he? Why do you think the Greeks called him that? It was because of the way he uses his short fat legs when he is swimming. He gallops just like a horse.

Does the hippopotamus look like any American animal? Does he look like an American animal in one way and like another some other way?

The teeth of the hippopotamus provide ivory for the natives. His hide makes whips, and his flesh is used for food. Many animals of this kind are killed each year by the Africans. One of them provides the meat for a great feast.

WHY THE HIPPOPOTAMUS LIVES IN THE WATER

Did you ever see a hippopotamus in a circus parade? How is his cage different from those of the other animals?

In Africa the hippopotamus spends most of his time in the water. The African children wondered why he stayed in the water all day with only his little pig eyes and nostrils above the surface. They wondered why he came out only at night to get his food.

Here is a myth which some African mothers told their children to explain this queer habit of this strange animal.

I

THE HIPPO'S FEAST

A long, long time ago the hippopotamus, whose name was Isantim, was one of the biggest kings on the land. Only the elephant was larger than he. The hippo had six large, fat female

servants of whom he was very fond. He also had a large fat wife whom he loved very dearly.

Now and then he used to give a great feast to all the people; but strange as it may seem, although every one knew the hippo, no one except his wife and servants knew his name.

At one of the feasts, just as the people were about to sit down, the hippo said, "You have come to feed at my table, but none of you know my name. If you cannot tell me what it is, you shall all go away without your dinner."

Most of the guests did not know what to say; but a few began to guess.

"It is Mugwa," said the leopard.

"Jambo," said the Jackal.

"Sanki!" roared the lion.

"No, you cannot guess it," said the hippo; and as they could not, they started away leaving all the good food behind them. Just then the tortoise arose and said, "Wait! I want to ask a question!" Then turning to the hippo, he said, "What will you do if some one tells you your name at the next feast?"

The hippo said that he would be so ashamed of himself that he and his whole family would

leave the land and for the future would dwell in the water.

II

HOW THE ANIMALS LEARNED HIS NAME

Now it was the custom for the hippo and his wife and servants to go down to the river every morning and evening to wash and drink. The tortoise knew this; so one day he made a small hole in the middle of their path. He buried himself in this hole leaving a large part of his shell outside.

Soon the hippo and his family came along. They did not see the tortoise buried in the road, and the wife stumbled over his shell. "Oh, Isantim, my husband," she cried, "I have hurt my foot!"

At this the tortoise was very happy and went joyfully home, as he had found out the hippo's name.

Soon afterwards the hippopotamus gave another great feast. When the food was placed on the table, and the guests were ready to dine, he

arose as before and said, "You have come to feed at my table, but none of you know my name. If you cannot tell my name, you shall go away without your dinner."

The tortoise then shouted as loud as he was able, "Your name is Isantim!" A great cheer went up from all the people, and they sat down and enjoyed the feast.

When the dinner was over, the Hippo and his family went down to the river, and they have always lived in the water from that day till now. Although they come on shore to feed at night, you never find a hippo on land in the daytime.

FURTHER READING

If you have enjoyed this story, I am sure you will want to read the following myths in *African Myths* by Carter Godwin Woodson:

"How the Dog Became the Friend of Man"

"Why Chickens Live with Man"

"Why the Cat Catches Rats"



The Leopard and the Spotted Hyena

THE ORIGIN OF THE LEOPARD AND THE HYENA

Africa is the home of many animals with beautiful bright colors. This amusing myth is a story the Africans told their children to explain why the leopard and hyena are spotted black. Before you read it, look at the picture of a leopard and a spotted hyena, and it will help you to understand the story.

Far in the jungle lived a mother lion and her two little cubs. These little fellows were very mischievous. They often ran away from home and wandered near the village.

One day when they were playing at the edge of the woods, they saw some warriors marching by.

"How beautiful those men are!" said one little fellow to the other. "They have painted their faces. Let us paint ourselves too."

"But we have no paint," said the other.

"I know where there is some black paint," said his brother. "Let us have some fun." So off they went to find the bucket of black paint.

One of the cubs picked up the brush and began painting beautiful black spots on his brother's back. When he had finished, the spotted cub began to paint him.

Just then some one called out, "A calf has been lost!" The spotted cub was so excited he threw the paint bucket at his brother and ran to see if he could find the calf.

Late that evening both of the little fellows went home. Their mother was at the door waiting for them. When she saw these strange creatures coming up the path, she closed the door saying, "Don't come in here. You don't look like my children. You are not lion cubs any more."

And sure enough they were no longer lions. The spotted one became the father of the leopards, and the little one who had the bucket of paint thrown at him was the first hyena.

What do you think made the African imagine that the leopard had been carefully painted, while the hyena had the bucket of paint thrown on him?

SOMETHING TO DRAW

Draw the following pictures that illustrate this story.

1. A mother lion and her two little cubs in the jungle.
2. The little cubs playing at the edge of the woods.
3. A mud-fish swimming in the water.
4. Some African warriors marching down the path.
5. One little cub painting black spots on his brother's coat.
6. The spotted cub throwing the paint bucket at his brother.

HOW THE AFRICAN GAINED THE GIFT OF SONG

One day a mighty African hunter went out into the forest in search of big game. He did not want to kill the little hare or deer that scampered through the woods as he passed by. He wished to kill a lion or tiger or some other large beast of the jungle. On and on he tramped, but no big game could he find.

At last he sat down on a large stump to rest. While he was sitting there, some strange and pleasing sounds came to his ears from a little thicket behind him.

"What is that?" he thought. Such strange and beautiful sounds he had never heard!

Where did they come from? It sounded as if they were in the trees behind him.

Nearer and nearer came the sweet music.

Suddenly he saw in the grass hundreds of little forest spirits dancing in a ring. They were beautiful little brown creatures about one foot tall.



The "Origin of Music."

What sweet sounds they made as they danced over the grass! "What made the sounds?" the hunter asked himself.

He thought at first that it was their dancing on the grass, but as they came nearer he saw that their lips were moving and the sound came from their little mouths.

Soon they disappeared leaving the hunter alone.

He picked up his spear and started home, thinking only of the music he had heard. When he reached his hut, he sat down and tried to imitate the sounds of the forest spirits.

After a long while, he found that he could make the same sweet music with his voice.

He taught other villagers how to sing, and it was from this mighty hunter that the African gained the gift of song.

THINGS TO THINK ABOUT AND DO

The Africans are lovers of music. They sing when they work and sing when they play. They have hunting songs that they sing when they have killed a dangerous animal such as a rogue elephant. They

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have work songs that they sing as they work in the fields. They have war songs that they sing when they are going to war. They have lullabies that they sing to their babies.

Many of these songs have only a few words which they sing over and over. Here is one of them.

My mother is grinding the corn.
She is making it fine.
She is making it fine
She is grinding corn for our cakes.

Try to make up a song which you think a woman might sing as she weaves a basket; one that a warrior might sing after he has killed a lion; one that a mother might sing to her baby.

Look at the picture on page 80. Then write the words below which name things in the picture.

mighty hunter
large river
forest spirits
beast
trunk

forest
stump
spear
villagers
limb

leaves
mountain
thicket
mouths
grass

HOW AFRICANS CAME TO AMERICA

You have read many stories of the Negroes in their African home. Would you like to know how these people first came to our country?

In Africa the natives lived in tribes just as the American Indians did a long time ago. Each tribe had a chief who ruled over it. Sometimes the chief of one tribe would quarrel with the chief of another tribe. Often they would have war. When they fought they would capture many warriors from their enemies. Some of these captives were made slaves. After a while there were many such slaves in Africa.

At this time our country needed workers on the large plantations, or farms, in the South and in the mines in Latin America; so men went to Africa on large ships to buy slaves.

The African chiefs sold many of these captured warriors to the white men who brought them to America and sold them to the owners of the large plantations and mines.

Not all of the slaves were bought from chiefs, for sometimes the slave-catchers captured the Negroes themselves, or kidnapped them.

Although most of the slaves who were brought to our country were sold in the South to work on the plantations or in the mines in Latin America, some were bought by Northern white people, and they did other kinds of work. Often these men and women were very kindly treated and some of them were given responsible positions. Some women became companions in households while it was not uncommon to find the men managing the business of the plantations. Such slaves were often able to purchase their freedom, and by their thrift to become famous men and women, bringing much honor to the Negro race.

One of the best loved Negro poets was the companion of a Northern white lady. Her name was Phillis Wheatley. Would you like to read the story of her life?

PHILLIS WHEATLEY

You have read how the little African boys and girls enjoyed themselves playing games. They became so interested in their play that they often did not know when danger was near.

One day a group of little girls were playing along the coast of Africa. They were laughing and shouting and did not see a large ship sail slowly up to the land.

This was a slave ship, and the men on it were looking for natives to take to America to sell.

Two of the men came off the boat. They seized several of the children and took them to the ship. The other little girls ran to tell their parents; but before they reached the shore the ship had sailed away.

On and on it sailed until it came to Boston. Here some of the children who had been kidnapped were led off the ship and taken to the slave market.

One by one they were forced to stand up on a



Phillis Wheatley

large block of wood where everyone could see them.

Those who wished to buy slaves would call out the price they were willing to pay for them. One would call, "Ten (Dollars)!" Another, "Twenty (Dollars)!" Another, "Twenty-five (Dollars)!"

Then the slave was sold to the person who offered the most money for him.

The more healthy and strong the slaves looked, the more the buyers had to pay for them. No one wanted a slave who looked as if he could not do any work.

Finally a very thin little girl was placed on the block. She was one of those little girls that had been stolen from her playmates. The journey across the ocean had been long, and the sea had made her sick.

How weak she looked, and how sad! She had nothing on her body except an old piece of carpet that was tied around her waist.

No one offered very much for her; but she was finally sold to a wealthy tailor of Boston named John Wheatley.

He had been looking for a servant for his

invalid wife, and their twin children, Mary and Nathaniel; and when he saw this dear little girl he wanted to give her a home.

When they reached the Wheatley home, Mrs. Wheatley was very happy. She named the little girl Phillis Wheatley.

All the family were kind to her. Mary Wheatley learned to love Phillis as her own sister. She saw that Phillis was very bright; so she taught her to read and write. Soon she could read the most difficult books in English and Latin.

She enjoyed poetry most of all. Sometimes she tried to write poems of her own. Mary encouraged her in this writing, and it was not long before she had written five volumes of verse.

People throughout the country heard of her and wrote her many letters. When George Washington took charge of the army to fight for the Independence of this country, which had been declared on the 4th of July, 1776, he invited Phillis Wheatley to visit him, and she did. She wrote a poem in which she called George Washington "First in War" because he was the leader of all our armies fighting against Eng-

land. George Washington had respect for this bright girl and also for the hero, Crispus Attucks, who was the first to fall in the Boston Massacre on March 5, 1770, when resisting British soldiers. It pleased Phillis Wheatley that other Negroes served under George Washington in this war until victory was won at Yorktown in 1781.

When Phillis was eighteen years old, she became ill. The Wheatleys thought that a long trip would do her much good; so they let her go to England with Nathaniel on a business trip.

When they reached England, Phillis learned that the English people had already learned about her poems. They had read them and liked them very much.

Phillis was entertained by the lords and ladies of London, and she was never so happy in all her life.

One day Nathaniel received a message that his mother was very ill. He and Phillis hurried home and reached the house just before Mrs. Wheatley passed away.

The rest of Phillis's life was very sad. Mr. Wheatley died and soon thereafter the children

also. This left Phillis alone in the world, and she married an unsuccessful grocer named Peters. She had three children; but because of poverty two died, and the mother herself passed away with the baby when she was only thirty years old.

Phillis Wheatley's poems are too difficult for most children to understand; but when you grow older, you will enjoy reading them.

SOME QUESTIONS TO ANSWER

1. How did Phillis Wheatley come to America?
2. Why did Mr. Wheatley buy her?
3. Why did Mary Wheatley teach Phillis to read and write?
4. What did Phillis like to read most?
5. How many volumes of poetry did she write?
6. What great man praised her work?
7. Why did she go to England with Nathaniel Wheatley?
8. How was she received in England?
9. Why were the last years of her life very sad?
10. Why should we always remember Phillis Wheatley?

BENJAMIN BANNAKER

While Phillis Wheatley was writing her beautiful poems in Boston, there lived in the state of Maryland a little colored boy who was also to bring honor to his race. His name was Benjamin Bannaker. He lived with his parents and sisters on a large farm near Baltimore.

When he was very young his grandmother taught him to read; so by the time he was old enough to go to school, he was far ahead of the other children of his age. He entered a small country school near his home. Both colored and white children attended this school. The schoolmaster was very good to Benjamin and praised him every day for his excellent work.

Benjamin spent very little of his time playing games with the other pupils. He was very fond of study and spent the large part of his time in reading. He enjoyed arithmetic very much also, and often worked the problems of the grades above him.



Benjamin Bannaker

Before he was fifteen years old, he had finished this country school, and as his parents were unable to send him away to college, he worked on his father's farm. He still studied, however, and read all the books he could get. He learned to work some of the most difficult problems in arithmetic, and his fame spread for miles around. Often he received letters from scholars in different parts of the country asking him to solve problems for them. He always answered their letters and returned their problems worked correctly.

But Benjamin was not satisfied with just solving problems. He wanted to use his knowledge of mathematics in other ways so that he could help more people. After studying a long time, he made a clock which was one of the wonders of his day. It was said to be the first clock ever made in America. It could strike the hours, and for twenty years it ran without repair.

This clock was made with only a pocket knife and a few pieces of wood. People from many parts of the country heard about this invention and came to see this famous Negro who made a clock that could strike.

Not long after Bannaker invented the clock, a family named Ellicott moved into his neighborhood. They had heard about Benjamin when they were living in Pennsylvania; and as soon as they moved near him, Mr. Ellicott paid him a visit.

He learned that Bannaker liked to read, so he lent him many of the books from his large library. Some of these books were on astronomy, the study of the stars, moon, sun, and other heavenly bodies. Bannaker became very much interested in astronomy, and he learned so much about the heavens that he wrote an almanac which was very much like our almanacs to-day. For four years his almanac was published in Philadelphia.

Benjamin Bannaker's highest honor came to him when George Washington was president of our country. President Washington wanted a number of learned men to plan a beautiful city where the presidents were to make their home, and, at the suggestion of Thomas Jefferson, he chose Bannaker to help with this work. This city is now Washington, D. C.

Whenever you visit Washington, you should

remember that a Negro mathematician helped to plan this beautiful home of our presidents.

SOMETHING TO WRITE

CHOOSE THE RIGHT ENDINGS

1. Benjamin Bannaker was taught to read by his
grandmother
sister
cousin
2. He went to a
college
university
country school
3. Benjamin spent most of his time
reading
playing
sleeping
4. He liked to work problems in
music
spelling
arithmetic
5. He invented a
clock
cotton gin
washer
plow

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6. His clock could
play music
strike the hour
talk
7. He wrote
an arithmetic
an almanac
a short story
8. He helped to plan
Washington, D. C.
a banquet
a fox hunt
9. He published his almanac
for one month
for ten years
for four years
10. He made his clock with
a machine
a knife
a pair of scissors
11. Mr. Ellicott lent him
books
houses
tools
12. Bannaker was honored by
George Washington
a librarian
a mathematician

A SOUTHERN PLANTATION

When the slaves were first brought to our country, they were put to work on large plantations or farms. The most important building on the plantation was the master's home or "Big House," as the slaves called it.

It was a beautiful southern colonial mansion of many spacious rooms. Around it was a large flower garden and a grove of beautiful trees. Across the front of this "Big House" was a veranda, or porch, where guests were entertained and the family gathered during their leisure time.

At one side of the house and very close to it was the schoolroom and the rooms for the tutor or teacher of the master's children.

Behind the house and a short distance from it was the kitchen. Does it seem strange to you that the kitchen was not in the house as we have them in our houses? The southern wealthy people did not want the kitchen in their homes because of the noise and odors from it.

Close to the kitchen was the well. It did not have a pump as our wells do. The water was drawn up in two buckets which hung from a pulley. When one bucket was drawn up another was going down to get full. Then when it came up, the other went down.

Close to the well was the dairy where the milk was prepared to be used in the kitchen. On the side of the dairy hung large tubs, boilers and pots which were used in the open air laundry. All the washing was done out of doors.

On most of the large plantations stood a hospital and a day nursery near the kitchen. Sick slaves of kind masters were taken to the hospital and cared for until they were able to work. The small babies of the slaves were cared for in the day nursery. Only those fed from the master's kitchen had the best food. Others ate coarse food.

At the edge of the back yard was the smoke house. Here the slaves cured the hams and bacon to be used on the plantation. Near the smoke house was the carriage house, poultry house, ice pit, sweet potato pit, and the cabins of the servants who worked in the "Big House."

These slaves did not live near those who worked in the fields.

The field hands lived in cabins far from the master's house, close to the fields. There were many cabins on the plantations because many slaves were needed to work in the cotton fields.

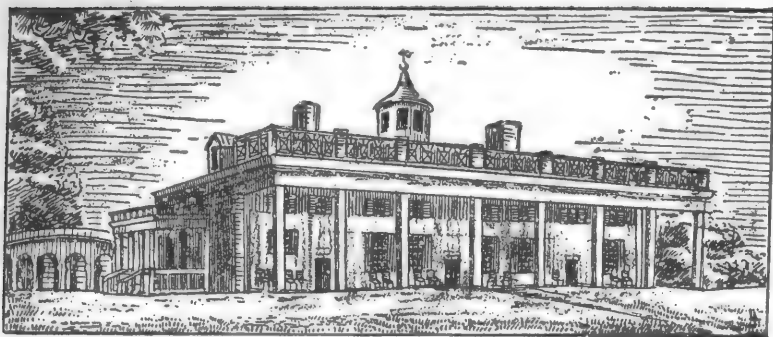
If the master were very wealthy and kind to his servants, he gave each family a dry airy cabin, a poultry house, and a vegetable garden. In this garden the slaves raised sweet potatoes, watermelons, greens, okra, beans, onions, and any other vegetables they liked. The master gave them cornmeal, flour, and bacon.

Near the slaves' cabins was the overseer's house. He was the man who watched the slaves to see that they did their work.

Not far from the overseer's house were the blacksmith shop, the stables, corn cribs, and wagon sheds.

A large southern plantation was very much like a small town. Many of them had names such as "Hurricane"; "Brierfield"; "Monticello," the home of Thomas Jefferson; and "Davis's Bend," the home of Jefferson Davis.

George Washington, our first president,



MOUNT VERNON

called his plantation "Mount Vernon." This was his beautiful home. The large porch, or veranda, reaches across the entire front of the house. Here the president entertained his friends. At Mount Vernon you can still see the furniture and many other things that were used by George Washington and his wife. The library and the bedroom are kept just as they used them.

Thousands of people visit this beautiful colonial mansion each year, and every visitor is made welcome.

George Washington had slaves, as was the custom in those days; but he believed that it was wrong for one person to own another: so when he died he set his slaves free.

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THINGS TO DO AND TALK ABOUT

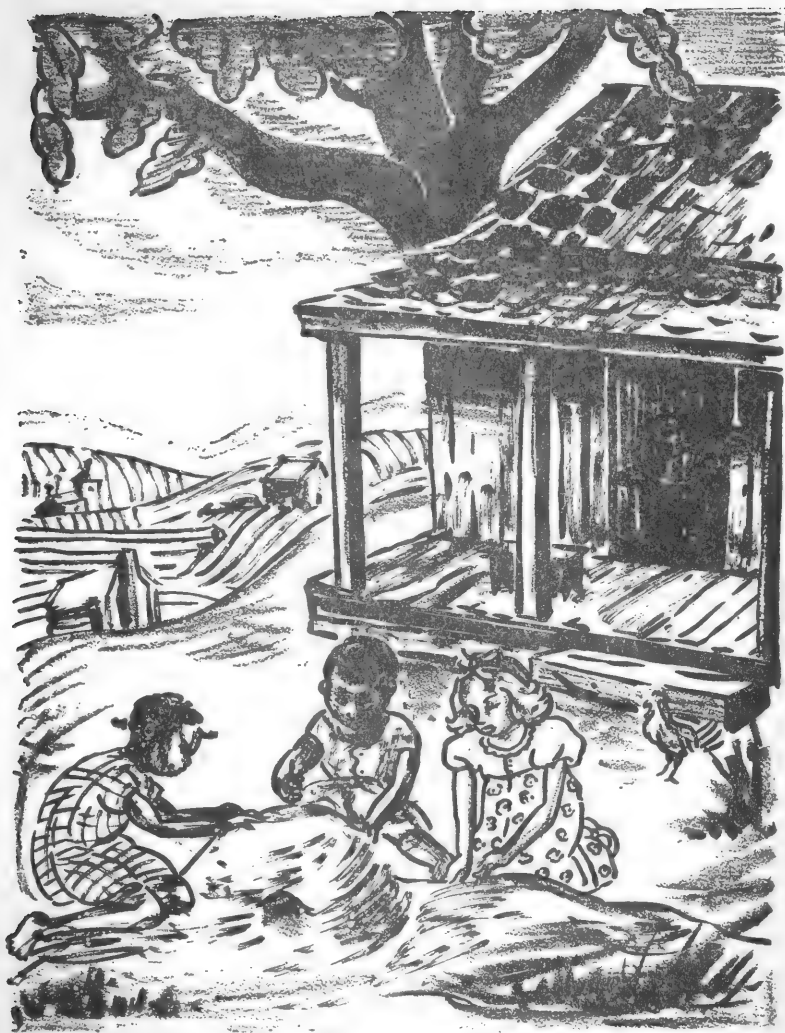
If you have ever visited "Mount Vernon" or "Monticello," tell the class about it.

How is a plantation different from the farms you have seen? How is it like them?

What have you learned about plantation life which you did not know before?

Draw a map of a plantation and put the following buildings on it

1. Colonial Mansion
2. Schoolroom
3. Kitchen
4. Dairy
5. Hospital
6. Cabins
7. Overseer's House
8. Stables
9. Corn Crib
10. Smoke House



On the Plantation

LIFE ON THE PLANTATION

You remember that when the Negroes lived in Africa they did many different kinds of work. When they were brought to our country, they had to do many kinds of tasks too.

There were sometimes over a hundred slaves working on one plantation. There were butlers, waiters, housemaids, nurses for the little white children, nurses for the slaves, laundresses, seamstresses, dairy maids, gardeners, plowmen, hoe hands, wagoners, ox drivers, cooks, stable boys, cowherds, hog herds, millers, blacksmiths, shoemakers, spinners, and weavers.

Can you tell the kind of work each of these did?

On many of the plantations, the servants who worked in the master's household were more kindly treated than those who worked in the fields, because they were nearer the master and his family.

These slaves soon learned to love the children

of their master, and the children loved them in return. Often you could see the master's children and the children of the slaves playing together. They played around the kitchen door, and the cook often made little cakes and other sweet things for them.

Sometimes the white children would wander down to the cabins of the field workers. Here they would listen to the tales the slaves told their children in the evening after their work was done.

The Negroes "made up" or imagined most of these tales. Many of them were about animals.

Would you like to read one of them?

Here is one about a lazy old bear, and it tells why bears sleep all winter.

WHY BEARS SLEEP ALL WINTER

I

Many years ago Brother Bear did not sleep all winter as he does now. He was a very mischievous fellow and none of the other animals liked him. All day long, winter and

summer, he trotted about teasing and playing tricks on all the other animals. He even wanted to be king of the country. The other animals were surprised at such an idea.

"I am bigger and stronger than any of you," he said. "Why shouldn't I be king?"

But the animals did not want him for their king because he was as cruel as he was strong. He even played mean tricks on the small and weak animals. They dared not do anything to displease him.

One bright September day Brother Bear went out hunting. While he was gone, all the other animals had a meeting.

"Something must be done about Brother Bear," they said. "He gets meaner every day."

"He is getting lazy too," said Brother Squirrel. "He won't look for his food any more when he can take it from some one else. The other day he stole all the nuts I had piled up for the winter."

"He is too rough when he plays with our children," said Brother Fox. "He nearly killed one of my poor children yesterday. What shall we do?"

"What he needs is a good long nap," said Brother Wolf. "Then we could have some peace."

The cunning little rabbit had said nothing. He was thinking of a plan to put Brother Bear to sleep.

"I know a way to get rid of him for a while," said Brother Rabbit. "He is very fond of sleeping in the dark and he always gets up as soon as the sun is up. Now if he could not see the sun, he would not know it was time to get up. He always goes to sleep in that hollow tree. Let us stop the hole up the next time he goes to sleep. If he wakes up, he will think it is still night and will go to sleep again. Then we shall have a good long rest from his mischief."

II

THE PLAN WORKS

Everyone thought Brother Rabbit had a very good plan. The next night when Brother Bear crawled into the hollow tree, the animals

brought sticks, stones, leaves, and mud and stopped up the hole so no light could get in and Brother Bear could not get out.

The next morning Brother Bear thought it was still night so he slept on. Every time he opened his eyes, it was dark, so he just rolled over and fell asleep again. All through the winter he slept, and the animals had a good long rest from his tricks.

One beautiful spring day Brother Fox told the other animals he thought Brother Bear had slept long enough.

"He might starve to death in there," he said. "Let's let him out."

So they went to the old tree and pulled the sticks and stones away so the light could get into the hole. Then off they ran so that Brother Bear could not see them.

When Brother Bear saw the light, he stretched himself and looked about. How surprised he was to find the grass and trees so green and the flowers in bloom.

"How long have I been asleep?" he asked. "I must have slept all winter. I'll take a nap like that again some day."



Brother Bear Wakes Up

Then off he went to find something to eat. Ever since then Brother Bear has found himself a nice hole, rolled himself up in a ball, and slept all winter.

If you have enjoyed this story, you may like to read *Told by Uncle Remus* by Joel Chandler Harris.

Ask your teacher to read you some of Uncle Remus's tales.

SOMETHING TO WRITE

Write all the statements that are true.

1. None of the animals liked Brother Bear.
2. He played tricks on the small and weak animals.
3. The animals said nothing should be done about Brother Bear's conduct.
4. Brother Fox said Brother Bear was too rough.
5. Rabbit had a good plan to get rid of Brother Bear.
6. The animals shut Brother Bear up in a hollow tree.
7. He slept all winter.

A CABIN TALE

Here is a poem by a famous Negro poet named Paul Laurence Dunbar. It tells a tale that an old slave told to the little son of her master when he wandered down to the cabin one night. It is written in Negro dialect which is the language that the slaves spoke. Since you may not understand all the words, your teacher will read it to you.

As you listen, see if you can tell why the little white children enjoyed these stories so much.

What you say, dah? huh, uh! chile,
You's enough to dribe me wile.
Want a sto'y; jes' hyeah dat!
Whah'll I git a sto'y at?
Di'n' I tell you th'ee las' night?
Go 'way, honey, you ain't right.
I got somep'n' else to do,
'Cides jes' tellin' tales to you.
Tell you jes' one? Lem me see
Whut dat one's a-gwine to be.

When you's ole, yo' membry fails;
 Seems lak I do' know no tales.
 Well, set down dah in dat cheer,
 Keep still ef you wants to hyeah.
 Tek dat chin up off yo' han's,
 Set up nice now. Goodness lan's!
 Hol' yo' se'f up lak yo' pa.
 Bet nobidy evah saw
 Him scrunched down lak you was den—
 High-tone boys meks high-tone men.

Once dey was a ole black bah,
 Used to live 'roun' hyeah somewhah
 In a cave. He was so big
 He could ca'y off a pig
 Lak you picks a chicken up,
 Er yo' leetles' bit o' pup.
 An' he had two great big eyes,
 Jes' erbout a saucer's size.
 Why, dey looked lak balls o' fiah
 Jumpin' 'roun' erpon a wiah
 W'en dat bah was mad; an' laws!
 But you ought to seen his paws!
 Did I see 'em? How you 'spec
 I'se a-gwine to ricollec'
 Dis hyeah ya'n I's try'n to spin
 Ef you keeps on puttin' in?
 You keep still an' don't you cheep

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Less I'll sen' you off to sleep.
 Dis hyeah bah'd go trompin' 'roun'
 Eatin' evahthing he foun';
 No one couldn't have a fa'm
 But dat bah 'u'd do 'em ha'm;
 An' dey couldn't ketch de scamp.
 Anywhah he wan'ed to tramp,
 Dah de scoun'el' 'd mek his track,
 Do his du't an' come on back.
 He was sich a sly ole limb,
 Traps was jes' lak fun to him.
 Now, down neah whah Mistah Bah
 Lived, dey was a weasel dah;
 But dey wasn't fren's a-tall
 Case de weasel was so small.
 An' de bah 'd'd, jes' fu' sass,
 Tu'n his nose up w'en he'd pass.
 Weasel's small o'cose, but my!
 Dem air animiles is sly.
 So dis hyeah one says, says he,
 "I'll jes' fix dat bah, you see."
 So he fixes up his plan,
 An' hunts up de fa'merman.
 When de fa'mer see him come,
 He 'mence lookin' mighty glum,
 An' he ketches up a stick;
 But de weasel speak up quick;
 "Hol' on, Mistah Fa'mer man,

I wan' 'splain a little plan.
Ef you waits, I'll tell you whah
An' jes' how to ketch ol' Bah.
But I tell you now you mus'
Gin me one fat chicken fus'."
Den de man he scratch his haid,
Las' he say, "I'll mek de trade."
So de weasel et his hen
Smacked his mouf and says, "Well den,
Set yo' trap an' bait ternight,
An' I'll ketch de bah all right."
Den he ups an' goes to see
Mistah Bah, an' says, says he;
"Well, fren' Bah, we ain't been fren's,
But ternight ha'd feelin' 'ens.
Ef you ain't too proud to steal,
We kin get a splendid meal.
Cose I wouldn't come to you,
But it mus' be done by two;
Hit's a trap, but we kin beat
All dey tricks an' git de meat."
"Cose I's wif you," says de bah,
'Come on, weasel, show me whah."
Well dey trots erlong ontwell
Dat air meat begannd to smell
In de trap. Den weasel say:
"Now you put yo' paw dis way
While I hol' de spring back so

Den you grab de meat an' go."
 Well, de bah he had to grin
 Ez he put his big paw in,
 Den he juked up, but-kerbing!
 Weasel done let go de spring.
 "Dah now," says de weasel, "dah,
 I done co'tched you, Mistah Bah!"
 O dat bah did sno't an' spout,
 Try'n his bestes' to git out,
 But de weasel say, "Goo' bye!
 Weasel small but weasel sly."
 Den he tu'ned his back an' run
 Tol' de fa'mer what he done.
 So de fa'mer come down dah,
 Wif a axe an' killed de bah.

Dah now, ain't dat sto'y fine?
 Run erlong now, nevah min!
 Want some mo', you rascal you?
 No, suh! no, suh! dat'll do.

—Paul Laurence Dunbar

Who is speaking in this poem? What do you think the old woman is doing at the beginning of the poem?

What feeling does she have toward the little boy? What makes you think so?

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Which do you like better, Paul Laurence Dunbar's poem, "A Cabin Tale," or the story called "Why Bears Sleep All Winter."? Why?

Another interesting and amusing story like this one is "A Bear Story" by James Whitcomb Riley. It is found in *Riley's Fairy Tales*.

You will enjoy reading it because a little boy made it up all by himself.

MORE POEMS TO ENJOY

Paul Laurence Dunbar wrote many poems about life on the plantations. Some of them are very amusing while others are very sad. Ask your teacher to read you the poems listed below. You will find them in *The Life and Works of Paul Laurence Dunbar*.

Little Brown Baby

The Turning of the Babies in the Bed

At Candle-Lightin' Time

Angelina

Two Little Boots

When Dey 'Listed Colored Soldiers

The Old Cabin

A Confidence

When Sam'l Sings

The Plantation Child's Lullaby



The Lullaby

LULLABY

A lullaby is a song that a mother sings to her baby when she is putting him to sleep. In this lullaby Paul Laurence Dunbar tells us what an old Negro nurse said to a little white boy when she was getting him ready for bed one night.

Several times she uses an expression which lets you know how she feels toward the child.

As you read the poem or listen to your teacher read it, see if you can find that expression.

Bedtime's come fu' little boys.

Po' little lamb.

Too tiahed out to make a noise,

Po' little lamb.

You gwine t' have to-morrer sho'?

Yes, you tole me dat befo,

Don't you fool me, chile, no mo',

Po' little lamb.

You been bad de livelong day,

Po' little lamb.

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Th'owin' stones an' runnin' 'way,
Po' little lamb.
My, but you's a-runnin' wil',
Look jes' lak some po' folks chile;
Mam' gwine whup you atter while,
Po' little lamb.

Come hyeah! you mos' tiahed to def,
Po' little lamb.
Played yo' se'f clean out o' bref,
Po' little lamb.
See dem han's now—sich a sight!
Would, you evah b' lieve dey's white?
Stan' still twell I wash 'em right,
Po' little lamb.

Jes' cain't hol' yo' haid up straight,
Po' little lamb.
Hadn't oughter played so late,
Po' little lamb.
Mammy do' know whut she'd do,
Ef de chillun's all lak you;
You's a caution now fu' true,
Po' little lamb.

Lay yo' haid down in my lap,
Po' little lamb.

Y' ought to have a right good slap,
Po' little lamb.

You been runnin' roun' a heap,
Shet dem eyes an' don't you peep,
Dah now, dah now, go to sleep,
Po' little lamb.

—Paul Laurence Dunbar

What had this little boy been doing all day? Why did his nurse say he looked like some "po' folks child"? Do you think this little boy loved his nurse? Why?

Many of the poems which Paul Laurence Dunbar wrote are not in dialect and do not tell about life on the plantations. This poet loved children very much and wrote some of his most beautiful poems for them. Here are some which you may like to read.

The Seedling
A Boy's Summer Song
The Sand-Man
Johnny Speaks
The Farm Child's Lullaby

A SLAVE MOTHER'S LULLABY

After their work was done in the cotton fields the mothers of the little slave children sang lullabies to them. Here is one that is very interesting. The mother made it up or composed it at hog-killing time.

Hogs were killed on the plantation just after the first heavy frost of winter. The master saved the choice parts of the hog for himself and gave the slaves the spare ribs, backbone, jowl, feet, sausage, liver, and chitterlings.

The mothers made "shortening" or "crackling bread" out of cornmeal and tiny bits of crisp pork that were left after the lard was rendered. All the slaves liked this bread.

This short lullaby tells about "shortening bread."

Put on de skillet
Never mind de led,
Granny's gwine to cook
A little shortenin' bread.

CHILD'S STORY OF THE NEGRO 121

Chorus

My baby loves shortenin', shortenin'
My baby loves shortenin' bread.
My baby loves shortenin', shortenin'
My baby loves shortenin' bread.

Sometimes you could hear the little children
singing this song around the cabin:

Ain't I glad the old sow's dead,
Mammy's gwine to make
A little shortenin' bread.

Chorus

My baby loves shortenin', shortenin'
My baby loves shortenin' bread.
My baby loves shortenin', shortenin'
My baby loves shortenin' bread.

Sometimes the slave mothers sang this song
to their little ones.

Refrain:

Ole rabbit hip, ole rabbit hop,
Ole rabbit et up my turnip top.

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Ole Mistah Rabbit had a mighty habit
Gwine in de garden eatin' up de cabbage.

Refrain:

Ole rabbit hip, ole rabbit hop,
Ole rabbit et up my turnip top.

If you like to read lullabies that were sung by Negro mothers you will enjoy "Kentucky Babe" by Richard Henry Buck.

You will find this poem in *The Poetry Book*, Book Two, by Huber, Bruner and Curry.

Many people think it is the most beautiful southern lullaby ever written. It has been set to music and quartettes sing it over the radio.

Do you like to sing lullabies? Here are some that are very beautiful. If you do not know them, perhaps your teacher will help you to learn them.

"Sweet and Low" by Alfred Tennyson

"Cradle Song" (Wiegenlied) by Johannes Brahms

"Cradle Hymn" by Martin Luther

"Sleep Baby Sleep"

"Norse Lullaby" by Eugene Field

A DAY WITH THE FIELD HANDS

The plantation was an interesting place from early in the morning until late at night. All day long the slaves were working—working—working.

The field hands were singing as they labored in the fields. They “made up”, or composed songs, about their work just as they “made up” stories to tell their children in the evening. It seemed that the singing of a song made their burdens lighter. Sometimes they sang religious songs, or Negro spirituals, as they are now called.

In the evening they returned to their cabins with their hoes on their shoulders and a song on their lips. Here are the words to the chorus of a corn song which many of them sang as they came from the cornfields.

Oh, we hoe de co'n,
Since de ehly mo'n;
Now de sinkin' sun
Says de day is done.

After supper was over the slaves were free to enjoy themselves, and what happy times they had. Sometimes they would gather in one cabin to have a party. One would play the fiddle or banjo while the others danced and sang. Then they played all sorts of games in which young and old took part.

They did not always have to stay on the plantation when their work was done. If they had a kind master, they were often allowed to go with him on fox hunts, opossum hunts, and coon hunts. After returning from these hunts the slaves enjoyed an opossum or coon feast.

On rainy days they could not work in the fields, so some of them stayed in their cabins and did the little things that should be done in their homes. The women did their mending, and the men tried to make the cabins more comfortable. Often they had to make their own rough furniture.

Some men used the rainy days to go fishing. The mother and children were always happy when the father went fishing because they knew they would have fresh fish for supper. The slaves were allowed very little meat except ba-

con, or salt pork; so they were always glad to get a little fresh meat.

Rainy days did not always bring rest for the slaves, for there was such indoor work as preparing cotton, corn and tobacco to be sold; but bad weather brought a change from the hard work in the fields; so the slaves were always happy when it rained.

Ask your teacher to read you "Time to Tinker 'Roun" by Paul Laurence Dunbar.

NEGRO WORK-A-DAY SONGS

You have read how the field hands sang as they worked in the fields. Would you like to know the words to some of these work songs?

Here is a verse of an amusing one which an old slave sang as he plowed the field many, many years ago:

Hardest work I ever done
Was ploughin' roun' a pine;
Easiest work I ever done
Was huggin' dat gal o' mine.

Most of the songs that were sung were sad songs, because the slaves found the work very hard.

This song tells about the hard work in the fields, and how the slaves looked forward to a time when they would not have to work any more for their owners.

HEAR DEM BELLS

All day I works in de cotton and de corn
My feet an my hands are sore
Waiting for Gabriel to blow his horn
So I won't have to work any more.

Chorus

Hear dem bells—Oh don't you hear dem bells
Dey's ringin' out de glory of de dawn.
Hear dem bells—Oh don't you hear dem bells
Dey's ringin' out de glory of de dawn.

I go to chu'ch in de early morn
De birds all a settin' in de tree
Sometimes my clothes gets very much worn
Case I wear dem out at de knee.

The slaves on most of the plantations had to "dress up" and go to church on Sunday when preaching was near.

Since they were allowed only a few suits of working clothes a year, these clothes would sometimes get "very much worn."

MY OLE MISTIS

Sometimes the slaves were given their freedom on the death of their master or mistress. Often they were promised freedom but did not get it because of greedy relatives who kept them on the plantations.

This short verse tells such a story:

My ole Mistis promised me,
When she died she'd set me free.
But now ole Mistis dead an' gone,
An lef ole Sambo hoein' co'n



Negro Washerwoman

THE NEGRO WASHERWOMAN

The hardest work on the plantations was not always done by the men who worked in the fields. There was one task done by the women which was often harder than any work that the men had to do. This was the work of the Negro washerwomen.

You remember that there was an open air laundry not far from the "Big House" on the large plantations. It was here that the washerwoman worked from early in the morning until late at night. It was her duty to see that the linens used in the master's household were spotless and white. The beautiful clothes of her mistress and the other members of the household must be laundered with care. All day long she toiled and sweated over the washtub. When night came, she returned to her cabin to cook for her husband and children who had been laboring in the fields.

Although her task was one of the hardest

ones, the washerwoman was usually the most tenderhearted slave on the plantation. Sometimes she was able to take in other work for which she received pay. With her savings, she was often able to buy her freedom or that of her husband and children. Sometimes she used her money to help free some poor slave whom she thought was ill-treated.

Even after the slaves were set free the Negro washerwoman had a great task to perform. Often her husband could not find work to do; but every community needed a laundress, so there was always work for her. When her husband was thrifty and worked regularly, his small earnings were often not enough to care for the family; so the mother helped by doing a little laundry work. If the children were sent away to school, their expenses were paid by a mother who was laboring over the wash-tub. Some of the most noted men and women of our race often tell of their noble mothers and the many sacrifices they made in order to give them an education; and we should never forget the part the washerwoman has played in the history of our race.

There are very few Negro washerwomen now, because the laundries have taken their place. But many Negro mothers are still doing other kinds of work to make life happier for their children.

SOMETHING TO WRITE

Below is a list of things that some children do for their mothers to make them happy. Write all the sentences that tell what you do for your mother.

1. I wash the dishes every evening.
2. I mop the kitchen floor.
3. I go to the store.
4. I mend my own clothes.
5. I give my mother a gift every Mother's day.
6. I darn my own stockings.
7. I try to keep my clothes clean.
8. I do all my work cheerfully.
9. I take care of the baby when mother is busy.
10. I cut the grass and rake the lawn.
11. I obey my mother.
12. I try to do my best in school.
13. I bring in the coal.
14. I sweep the sidewalks.
15. I take care of my mother when she is ill.

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16. I take care of my school books and materials to save money for my mother.
17. I empty the waste baskets.
18. I put my toys away after I have finished playing with them.
19. I dust the furniture.
20. I make up my bed every morning before I go to school.

SOMETHING TO READ

You will enjoy the following poems about mothers.

"The Old Wash Tub" by Salem Tutt Whitney

"My Mother, Her Hands" by Anna Hempstead Branch

"My Mother, Her Words" by Anna Hempstead Branch

"Only One Mother" by George Cooper

"Which Loved Best" by Joy Allison

"My Mother's Hands" by Salem Tutt Whitney

"Appreciation" by Paul Laurence Dunbar

"Somebody's Mother" (Anonymous)

"My Mother" by Jane Taylor

"My Mother's Hands" by Ellen Gates

A CORN-SHUCKING BEE

A bee is a friendly or neighborly gathering of people to work for some one. If your mother invited the neighbors to help her with her canning, she could say she was having a canning bee. If she invited the neighbors to piece or finish quilts, she would be having a quilting bee.

Every year in November, or December, the master of the largest plantation in the neighborhood gave a corn-shucking bee. He sent invitations around to all the planters nearby and asked their slaves to attend on a certain night. All the slaves came. Men, women, and children accepted these invitations and sometimes there were as many as two hundred shucking corn at one time.

First all the corn was gathered and put in large piles the shape of a huge haystack. Some of these mounds were twice as tall as the haystacks you have seen.

Then the slaves gathered around one mound and began shucking corn. One person who had a beautiful voice climbed on top of the pile and began to sing. He sang a song about the corn-shucking season. After he sang one verse, all the others joined in the chorus. How beautiful their voices sounded in the open air!

All of these songs were composed by the slaves, and some were so amusing that they made every one laugh.

Here are the words of one that shows how the slaves of a wealthy planter "made fun of" the slaves of a poor planter.

"Massa's darkies am slick an' fat.

Oh, Oh, Oh.

Shine just like a new beaver hat.

Oh, Oh, Oh.

Chorus:

Turn out here and shuck dis corn,

Oh, Oh, Oh.

Biggest pile of corn since I was born.

Oh, Oh, Oh.

Jones's darkies am lean and po'

Oh, Oh, Oh.

Don't know whether dey git' nough to
eat or no.

Oh, Oh, Oh."

Chorus:

After all the work was done, the slaves were given a feast; and it was very late at night when they reached their little cabins on their own plantations.

SOMETHING TO DO

Ask your teacher to read you "The Party," by Paul Laurence Dunbar. It tells a very amusing story about life on the plantations.

CAMP MEETINGS

When the Africans were brought to our country, they did not know anything about our God. They were not Christians as we are. They had a religion very different from ours.

Their religion was called a fetish religion. They worshipped many gods instead of one. They made little images or fetishes of the gods they wished to please. They carried these images with them on the hunt. If they killed big game, they sacrificed part of the animal to the image. If they did not kill anything, they were angry and would punish the fetish and throw it away.

Even after the slaves were here a long time, some of them would carry a rabbit's foot in their pockets for good luck. Did you ever know any one who did a foolish thing like that?

After a while some of the white people thought that the slaves should know something

about our God. They thought they should become Christians; so the Methodists and Baptists sent ministers from one large plantation to the other to preach to the slaves.

These preachers sometimes held camp meetings, and the slaves from all the smaller plantations were invited to attend these meetings.

What a joyous time they had at these open air gatherings! They listened to the preaching. They learned the beautiful songs that were taught them, and they sang and shouted far into the night. Many slaves have said that they spent their happiest hours at these camp meetings.

NEGRO SPIRITUALS

When the slaves attended the camp meetings, they learned much about the Bible. They learned that hope and joy were written on its pages, and they longed to read it for themselves.

Some of them persuaded the master's children to teach them to read, although it was against the law; and when they had learned

enough to read the Bible, they began to preach to the other slaves.

What happy times they had at the meetings in their cabins! They composed beautiful songs which we call Negro Spirituals, and sang these at their meetings.

One slave might compose one verse, another the next, until the song had many verses.

Every one joined in the chorus.

These songs were sometimes called "Jubilee Songs" which means songs of happiness and joy. But we call them Spirituals also because they express the religious feeling of the slaves.

Let us read the words of some of these songs to see what the slaves had in mind when they composed them.

ALL GOD'S CHILLUN

Some of the spirituals tell how the slaves longed for comforts that were enjoyed only by the master's family. One of these was wearing shoes all the year round.

In Africa the Negroes went barefooted all the time because it was so hot. When they

were brought to our country, they could not go barefooted all the time. In winter it was too cold.

Shoes were very expensive, and some masters allowed their slaves to wear them only during the cold weather.

This spiritual tells how these Negroes comforted themselves by imagining they would wear shoes in heaven.

I got shoes,
 You got shoes,
 All God's Chillun got shoes.
 When I git to heab'n, I'm goin' to put on my shoes
 I'm goin' to walk all over God's heab'n,
 Heab'n, heab'n,
 Everybody talkin' about heab'n ain't goin' dere,
 Heab'n, heab'n,
 I'm goin' to walk all over God's heab'n.

SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT

The lives of some of the slaves were so unhappy that they wished they could be taken from this earth to a heavenly home.

Here is the way they expressed it in song.

Refrain:

Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home;
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home.

1. If you get there before I do,
Coming for to carry me home;
Tell all my friends I'm coming too,
Coming for to carry me home.

2. I looked over Jordon and what did I see?
Coming for to carry me home;
A band of angels coming after me,
Coming for to carry me home.

Refrain:

Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home;
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home.

PAUL CUFFE

At no time were all Negroes in this country slaves. Although it was difficult, it was always possible for a few slaves to become free. Some Negroes were never slaves, and in 1830 as many as 3777 had become slave holders themselves. One seventh of the Negroes in the United States had become free before the war between the Northern and Southern states.

Free Negroes had a hard time. They were not wanted in slave states sometimes because the slaves might try to be free also, and in free states the free Negroes were not wanted because they did work which others desired to do; but some free Negroes did become well-to-do and occupied useful positions. Paul Cuffe was one of this class. Would you like to hear his story?

When Paul Cuffe was a child, he lived with his family on an island off the coast of Massachusetts. The island was nine miles from the coast, and Paul's house was the only one on



Paul Cuffe at Sea

the island. Every day he watched the ships pass by. Sometimes the sailors would stop at his home and tell exciting tales of the sea. Some of these men were whalers. They sailed up and down the coast of our country in search of these mighty sea animals. Paul listened to all their tales and thought how he would like to be a sailor.

"When I grow up, I want to be a whale-fisher," he said to his father one day. "I want to be the captain of a large ship of my own and have many sailors to sail with me."

Paul's father encouraged him in every way, but he could not send him to school because there was no school near them. Paul learned to read and write as best he could. Sometimes he had a tutor to teach him. He studied arithmetic and navigation because he wanted to learn to sail a ship.

When Paul was sixteen years old, he began the life of a sailor. First he went on a whaling voyage as a common seaman. Then he made several other trips. He worked on the ships and learned all he could about them. Finally he decided to build a boat of his own. He

wanted to make his living by trading with the people on the coast of our country.

Paul's brother, David, helped him to build his first boat. When it was finished, the two brothers went to sea to trade with the people of Connecticut. Before they had gone far, they were caught in a terrible storm and the wind and waves almost upset the boat. After the storm they saw a pirate ship coming toward them. David was so afraid that he would go no farther, so they had to return home.

After this Paul had many exciting adventures on the sea. Once he made a boat by himself. In it he started to see his brother who now lived on an island near him. On the way to his brother's home, the pirates seized him and his vessel. He was lucky to reach home alive.

Now he had no boat, but he would not give up. He asked his brother again if he would help him build another vessel, and David agreed. After this boat was finished, Paul borrowed some money, bought some goods, and started out to sea again. On the way he was chased by pirates, and his boat was damaged when it struck a rock; so he had to return

home to repair it. He went to sea a second time with a large cargo, but pirates took all his goods away from him and beat him besides. In those days there was no way to punish the large number of persons who roamed over the sea to rob others. These robbers depended on this sort of stealing to make a living.

Still Paul was not discouraged. He bought another cargo and went on a third voyage. This time he sold his goods for a large sum of money. This made him very happy. He bought more goods and continued to trade with the people on the coast. On almost every trip he made over a thousand dollars.

With some of his money he built a large schooner called the "Mary". Now he was the captain of a large ship. In the "Mary" he went with ten sailors on a whaling voyage. They captured six whales and Captain Cuffe killed two of these himself.

He sold the whale oil and bone and received enough money to buy another boat which he called the "Ranger". With this ship he traded with the people of Virginia. The first time he landed on the coast, the people were sur-

prised because they had never seen a ship with a Negro Captain and all Negro sailors. After they became acquainted with Captain Cuffe, they visited his vessel; and one of them invited him to dine with his family.

All the rest of Captain Cuffe's life was very successful. When he was twenty-five years old, he married a beautiful Indian girl, and they had a family of eight children; two boys and six girls. The captain bought a \$3500 farm on which they lived. When he bought his farm there was no school in the neighborhood and no teacher to teach his children. He wanted his sons and daughters to be educated, so he called his neighbors together to see if they would help him build a school. They could not agree on the plans at this meeting, so Captain Cuffe built a school house on his farm. He paid for it with his own money and paid part of the teacher's salary also. All the colored and Indian children in the neighborhood attended this school.

Captain Cuffe became a very rich man, and he used his money to help those who were less fortunate than he. He wanted to do all he

could for the Negroes in Africa and America. He thought that all the free Negroes should return to Africa. He believed they would be better off there and could teach the others how to live more useful lives.

After some time he found thirty-eight free Negroes who wanted to go to Africa. Only eight of these could pay their own expenses, but the Captain took all of them on his ship, the "Traveller", and carried them to Africa at his expense. When he left Africa he went to England to visit some friends of the Negro. While there he was encouraged to continue his work, and he returned to America very happy. He hoped to take many more free Negroes to Africa, but before he could do so, he became very ill and died at the age of fifty-nine in 1811.

At the time of his death, there were two thousand colored people waiting for him to take them to Africa.

Captain Cuffe was buried in Westport, Massachusetts. One hundred years after his death, a great-grandson, Horatio P. Howard, erected a monument to his memory. Every year many people visit his tomb.

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SOMETHING TO TALK ABOUT

If you wish to know about other noted Negroes who lived during Paul Cuffe's time, ask your teacher to tell you about Lemuel Haynes, Andrew Bryan, Richard Allen, James Varick, Absalom Jones, Lott Cary, Nat Turner, Christopher Rush, James Forten, and others.

SOME QUESTIONS TO ANSWER

1. Were all the Negroes in this country slaves at some time?
2. Did any Negroes ever become slaveholders?
3. Why did free Negroes have a hard time?
4. Where did Paul Cuffe live?
5. Why did he want to be a sailor?
6. What thrilling experiences did he have with pirates?
7. How did he become a rich man?
8. Why did he build a school house on his farm?
9. Who attended this school?
10. How did Paul Cuffe use his money?
11. Why did he think all free Negroes should return to Africa?
12. How did he help them to return?
13. Who erected a monument to Paul Cuffe's memory?
14. Where is this monument?

IRA ALDRIDGE

A Famous Negro Actor

Did you ever take part in a play at school? It is great fun to imagine you are some one else, dressing the way that person dressed, doing the things that person did, and saying the things that person said. Whenever you do this you are an actor.

There are many famous Negro actors. Some play in motion pictures and others on the stage. Some of them have taken the most important part in plays. Would you like to know the story of one of the greatest actors of his time? His name was Ira Aldridge. He played his parts so well that he has been called one of the most famous actors of all time.

Ira Aldridge's father was the son of an African prince. He was a very proud and intelligent man, and he came to our country to study so that he might go back to Africa to teach his people. Although he came to America when most Negroes were slaves, he was always a free man.

Ira was born in New York City. He was a very bright child, and his father wanted to give



Ira Aldridge

him the best education he could afford. When he was a small boy he worked with a ship carpenter. Then his father sent him to school and later to Schenectady College. There he studied very hard, but he was not permitted to do many of the things he wanted to do because he was colored. Often he wished that he could take part in the plays that were given at school, but he was not chosen for any of the parts.

When his father realized that his son could not make much progress in this country because of his color, he took him to England. There the young man entered the University of Glasgow and completed his education. While he was at the University he won many honors, one of which was a medal for Latin composition.

During all of his school life he enjoyed acting more than anything else. He took part in many of the plays that were given by the University, and he was always praised highly for his acting. He played his parts so well that he made the audience believe he was really the person whose part he was playing.

One day a famous actor, Edmund Kean, saw him in a play.

"Here is a great actor," he said to himself; and he asked Aldridge if he would take a part in a play with him.

Aldridge was very happy. He played with Mr. Kean in one of Shakespeare's most famous plays, "Othello." Aldridge took the part of Othello, and he made a most favorable impression.

He travelled all over England; then he went to the European continent, visiting all the great cities there. The people were delighted with this great Negro actor. Kings and queens gave receptions for him, and he was showered with beautiful gifts and awards.

The King of Prussia gave him a gold medal. The Emperor of Austria honored him with the Grand Cross of the Order of Leopold, and the city of Berne gave him a Maltese Cross with the Medal of Merit.

Never had a Negro actor been so honored by the people. He was a welcome guest in the homes of the most cultured and wealthy people of Europe. He himself became wealthy and bought a beautiful palace near London.

With all his good fortune he never lost interest

in his race and he helped his people whenever he could. When he died in Lodz, Poland, in 1867, all America and Europe mourned his death.

THINGS TO TALK ABOUT

Some of the most famous actors to-day are Negroes. Find out all you can about Charles Gilpin, Clarence Muse, Paul Robeson, Jules Bledsoe, Richard B. Harrison, and others.

SOMETHING TO WRITE

Write the sentences that are true.

1. Ira Aldridge's father was the son of an African prince.
2. He wanted his son to have the best education he could afford.
3. Ira Aldridge did not make much progress in this country because of his color.
4. His father took him to Spain.
5. Ira Aldridge took part in the plays given at the University of Glasgow.
6. Kings and queens honored him for his excellent acting.



Frederick Douglass

FREDERICK DOUGLASS

A RUNAWAY SLAVE WHO BECAME A GREAT MAN

Some of the slaves had kind masters and were satisfied on the plantations. Others were owned by very cruel planters, and they longed for freedom. Sometimes they would run away up North where they became free.

One of the most famous orators of our race was a runaway slave. His name was Frederick Douglass. Would you like to know how he escaped from the plantation and became a free man?

When Frederick Douglass was a little boy, he lived on a large plantation in Maryland, near the ocean. No one knew exactly the day he was born, but Douglass believed it was on Valentine Day in 1817. He had no chance to go to school although he wanted to very much. One day the wife of his owner started teaching him to read, but her husband stopped

her because he believed that learning would spoil Frederick.

Many times this little boy would steal down to the shore to watch the big ships come in. How he wished that he were a sailor so that he could sail the seas on one of these beautiful ships!

He noticed that some of the sailors were Negroes; so he made friends with them. He learned that they were free men. Some had worked hard and bought their freedom from kind masters. Others had come from countries which did not have slaves. All of them carried some very important papers with them. These papers showed they were free. Any colored person who had these free papers could go anywhere in our country without fear of being arrested. You remember that Paul Cuffe could do so.

Sometimes a free Negro would lend his papers to a slave so that he could escape. When the slave was safe up North, he would send the papers back to his friend. This was a very dangerous thing to do. Suppose the slave lost the papers? Suppose some one found out

the papers did not belong to him? The free man would have been sent to prison, and the slave would have been returned to his master and given a whipping.

Little Frederick learned all these things from one of the sailors who became his friend. This sailor often took him on his ship and told him all about a sailor's life. Frederick learned the name of every part of the ship. He knew the use of every part. By the time he was a young man, you would have thought he was a sailor if you had heard him talk.

THE ESCAPE

One day Frederick's friend told him that he would help him to escape. He gave him his free papers and told him to return them by mail after he had reached the North. How happy he was!

"I am going to be free!" he said. "I am going to be free!"

He dressed himself like a sailor, packed his few clothes, and stole away from the plantation. He did not go to the station to buy his

ticket because he thought some one would know him. He jumped on the train after it had left the station, and crept into the coach where only colored people rode.

How frightened he was! "Suppose some one who knows me is in this coach," he thought. He was almost afraid to look around. After a while the conductor came in. He asked every one to show his free papers. All the people did so except Frederick. When the conductor came to him, he said, "Let me see your free papers."

Frederick told him that he always left his free papers at home because he was afraid that they would be lost at sea.

"Then what have you to prove that you are free?" the conductor asked.

"I have a paper with an eagle stamped on it. It will carry me anywhere I want to go."

He pulled the sailor's papers out of his pocket; and when the conductor saw the eagle, he was satisfied. He took Frederick's fare and went away.

After many anxious hours Frederick reached the North. He soon found work to do. With

some of his money he bought books. He studied very hard during his leisure time, and finally he became a great orator. He spoke to large crowds of people telling them why all the slaves should be free. He even went across the ocean to England and spoke against slavery.

During these years he was also editing a newspaper. In it he printed many things to show why his people should be free. At first he called his paper *The North Star*. Then he changed the name to *Frederick Douglass's Paper*. The war between the North and South followed, and the Negroes came out of bondage.

How happy Douglass was when all the slaves were finally freed! Then he and all ambitious Negroes could serve their country in many ways. Once he was the Marshall of the District of Columbia. He became the United States Minister to Haiti, and after that he was Recorder of Deeds in Washington. He often visited colored schools and spoke to the children, telling them about his life and how to make the most of theirs. Here is a story that he told the pupils of a school in Talbot County, Maryland, where he was born:

"I once knew a little colored boy whose father and mother died when he was six years old. He was a slave, and had no one to care for him. He slept on a dirt floor in a hovel and in cold weather would crawl into a meal bag, head-foremost, and leave his feet in the ashes to keep them warm. Often he would roast an ear of corn and eat it to satisfy his hunger, and many times he crawled into the barn or stable and secured eggs, which he would roast in the fire and eat.

"This boy did not wear pants as you do, only a tow linen shirt. Schools were unknown to him, and he learned to spell from an old Webster's *Spelling Book*, and to read and write from posters on cellars and barn doors, while boys and men would help him. He would then preach and speak, and soon became well known. He finally held several high positions, and accumulated some wealth. He wore broad-cloth and did not have to divide crumbs with the dogs under the table. That boy was Frederick Douglass.

"What was possible for me is possible for you. Do not think because you are colored

you cannot accomplish anything. Strive earnestly to add to your knowledge. So long as you remain in ignorance so long will you fail to command the respect of your fellow men."

THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

1. How did Frederick Douglass show his love for his people?

2. What good advice did he give to the pupils of the schools that he visited?

Frederick Douglass was not the only slave who became famous because of his speeches against slavery. Ask your teacher to tell you about Sojourner Truth. She was a slave woman who became a great speaker and helped her people very much.

In *Negro Makers of History*, by Carter G. Woodson, you will find many interesting stories about Negroes who became famous during Frederick Douglass's time: Charles Lenox Remond, Samuel Ringold Ward, J. W. C. Pennington, Alexander Crummell, Henry Highland Garnet, Daniel A. Payne, Martin R. Delany, Edmund Bannister, Edmonia Lewis, Charles L. Reason, John Chavis, George M. Crawford, George L. Ruffin and Frances Ellen Watkins Harper. Classify these according to the good which they did for the freedom and the progress of their people.

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SOMETHING TO DO

Frederick Douglass's home, Cedar Hill, Washington, D. C. is open to the public. If you ever visit Washington, you will enjoy seeing it.

At Rochester, New York, is a large statue of Frederick Douglass. You will want to see it if you ever visit that city. In Boston is a square named for this great man. Many schools and other institutions bear his name.

SOMETHING TO WRITE

In each row there are two words that will go together. Write them.

cruel	serve	pure	planters
satisfied	hour	customers	tree
runaway	slave	insult	coat
important	green	sting	papers
dangerous	plate	enemy	glass
anxious	hours	vase	saucer
colored	often	bought	people
ignorant	man	between	newspaper
against	spoke	slavery	pulled
famous	orator	lost	crawled
respectable	neighbors	preach	divide

EMANCIPATION DAY

Every year the colored people of our country celebrate Emancipation Day. Emancipation means "setting free" and Emancipation Day is the day the slaves were set free.

Colored people were held in slavery in this country until war broke out between the North and the South. One section had quarreled a long time with the other about slavery. The South said to the North, "You have nothing to do with it." The North said, "The country should not let slavery go to new states." Abraham Lincoln was the President of the United States at that time, but most of the slave states withdrew from the Union and organized the Confederate States of America with Jefferson Davis as their President.

Then the North and the South went to war because the one could not agree with the other. Robert E. Lee and his generals led the southern armies. U. S. Grant and other generals led the

Union armies. Great battles were fought at Gettysburg, Vicksburg, and elsewhere. The large armies under Lee and his generals weakened under the fire of much larger armies led by U. S. Grant and his generals; and the war ended with the surrender of General Lee on April 9, 1865. These victories made emancipation possible.

The first Emancipation Day was one of great rejoicing. The master of each plantation called all his slaves to the "Big House." Then he stood on the veranda and read a paper to them. This paper was the "Emancipation Proclamation." It was written by President Abraham Lincoln, and it said that all slaves must be free.

How happy the colored people were! They were no longer slaves but free men. They did not have to work without pay any more. They could do what they wanted to do and go where they wanted to go.

But what did they want to do and where could they go? Most of them had no money; they had no education; they could neither read nor write; they could not count.

Many of them stayed on the plantations and received wages for their work. Most of them wanted an education. They wanted to learn to count their money. They wanted to learn to write their names and to write letters to their friends who went up North. They wanted to learn to read the Bible.

There was no one to teach them; so they began to teach themselves. The Bible became the text book. Those who could read a little taught the others to read. Those who could write a little taught the others to write. Those who knew a little about numbers taught the others to count.

Mothers, fathers, and children sometimes studied together by a fire in the woods at night. Sometimes the men would fasten their primers between their plough handles so that they could read as they ploughed. Some of them got up before day and studied in their cabins by the light of burning pine knots.

They were so eager to learn that the friendly people began to open schools for them. These schools were called mission schools because they were built by the missionary societies.



Ogden Hall and The Administration Building of
Hampton Institute

HAMPTON INSTITUTE

One of the most famous mission schools was Hampton Institute in Virginia. For many years the principal of this school was General Samuel Chapman Armstrong. He had been a general in the United States Army, and some of his soldiers were Negroes. He loved his colored soldiers because they were brave and loyal. He found out that they were not educated; so he wanted to help them to learn. He thought that all the colored people in the South should have an education. He believed that they should have colored teachers to teach them.

"Hampton Institute shall be a school where colored teachers are trained," he said. "Then they can go South, to teach the other colored people."

So Hampton became a training school for teachers. There they were taught reading, writing, arithmetic, manual training, farming, and gardening.

General Armstrong was very good to his pupils. Many of them were very poor; so he let them work to pay for their board. He never turned a pupil away because he was poor. He always encouraged him.

When the students finished the course at Hampton, they were sent to all parts of our country to start other schools. Sometimes they began teaching in their own homes. Sometimes they taught in old churches. Sometimes they taught in the open air with only the trees over their heads. Sometimes the white people gave them a new building for their school.

All the pupils who went to these schools had to pay. There were no public schools then for colored people. So you see that not all those who wanted an education could get it. Many of them could not afford to go to school.

Some years later, however, some public schools were built for colored children, and the Negroes themselves as lawmakers united to establish these schools. Since that day the states have opened colleges for Negroes, and rich people have assisted in this effort. Now all who really want an education can get it.

THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

We should never forget the good white people who helped us after we became free. Some of them left their comfortable homes and went South to teach in colored schools. Some of them gave their money freely to help build schools for us. Although most of the white people in the South had been made poor and dissatisfied by the war some of them helped also to educate the Negroes. Ask your teacher to tell you about some of them.

FURTHER READING

In *The Upward Path* you will find two very interesting stories about the first colored schools. The titles are "The Beginnings of a Mississippi School" and "Going to School Under Difficulties."

You will enjoy reading them.



Booker T. Washington

A SLAVE BOY'S STRUGGLE FOR AN EDUCATION

Many Negro slaves became great men and women after they were set free. Here is the story of a little boy who became one of the greatest men of our country. He was one of the Hampton students who was so poor that he had to work his way through school; but he studied hard and became a great teacher.

This was Booker T. Washington. He began his life as a little slave boy on a large plantation in Virginia. No one remembered the day when he was born, but he thought it was April 18, 1856. His home was a log cabin of only one room. There were no glass windows in this cabin. The light came in through square holes cut in the walls. There was no floor except the hard, cold earth.

At one end of the cabin was a large stone fireplace with many iron pots, kettles, and skillets hanging beside it. Here the food was cooked for all the slaves on the plantation. Booker's mother was the cook.

There was not much furniture in this hut. They had a rough board table, two large wooden benches, and a few pallets of straw and rags where the family slept at night.

Booker's mother was a very good woman. Often he would wake up in the middle of the night and find her on her knees in prayer. She always prayed that the slaves might have freedom. She had heard that Abraham Lincoln was going to set all the slaves free, and she prayed for that time to come.

One day she called all her children and told them that the master wanted all the slaves to come to the "Big House." She did not know why; but she took them by the hand and up to the mansion they went. There were all the slaves from the plantation. They were standing around in groups, watching and waiting.

The master came out and stood on the veranda. He had a paper in his hand, and he read it with a trembling voice. This paper was the Emancipation Proclamation, and it said all slaves were free. Every one was so happy that he cried. It seemed as if heaven were on earth.

Booker's mother bent over him and whispered

in his ear, "Son, your mother's prayers have been answered." She took her children back to the cabin, and they tried to decide what to do. They had no money, so there was nothing for them to do but stay on the plantation and work for wages.

FINDING A NEW HOME

In a few days Booker's stepfather came to take them away from the plantation. They had not seen him for several years, because he had been sold and sent away. Now he was back with them, and they were very happy. He told them that he was going to take them to West Virginia where colored men were hired to work in the salt mines and were paid wages in real money.

For months and months this little family traveled. They were a queer sight as they trudged along the road with all their belongings in bundles on their backs. Sometimes the weather was pleasant, and they slept out of doors. Sometimes it rained, and they had to find shelter in a barn or shed. Most of their food was corn pone-cakes that the mother made and

cooked in the ashes of the camp fire. The colored people on the way helped them all they could. They gave them more cornmeal, bacon, and other food.

Finally they reached the little village of Malden, West Virginia. Here Booker's stepfather found a job for himself and one for Booker in the salt mine.

The owner of the mine started a night school for his helpers so that they could learn to read, write, and count. Booker wanted to go to school very much. He wanted an education so that he could be a teacher and help his race. But he had to work in the mines until nine o'clock at night. The night school began at nine o'clock and it was two miles away. Booker did not care. When his work was finished, he ran most of the way to school. He did not hear all the lessons, but he learned what he could.

One night he was very, very sleepy and tired. While he was sitting on a bench he fell fast asleep and over on the floor he went. Every one in the class laughed, and he was ashamed of himself.

The next day he tried to find other work to do.

He knew that he could not get his school work if he had to work so late at night.

NEW WORK

Some one told him that Mrs. Ruffner wanted a boy to help her with her housework. Booker had heard of Mrs. Ruffner. Many colored boys had worked for her, but none of them liked her. One told Booker that she was too strict. He said he could not do anything to please her.

But Booker thought that he could please her, and when he asked for the job, she gave it to him. His wages were a dollar a week, and she promised to give him more if he did his work well. He learned that Mrs. Ruffner was a very careful housekeeper and she wanted her work done right. Her servants had to keep themselves clean and neat, and she made them do things promptly without talking back to her.

Booker pleased her in every way, and she helped him. When she learned that he liked to read, she lent him books.

One day he told her he had heard some men in the mines talking about a wonderful school in

Virginia where colored people were taught to read, write, count, and to speak in public. He thought they said that poor students could work part of the time to pay for their board.

Mrs. Ruffner told him that this wonderful school was Hampton Institute, and she promised to help him if he wanted to go.

How glad he was! He told his mother all about it, and she helped him to get ready for his journey.

Just before he left, Mrs. Ruffner gave him a pair of new shoes and many other things that he needed. She thought he had enough money to pay his fare to Hampton. He had been working for her a year, and she thought he had saved some of his money. She did not know that he had to help support the family.

THE JOURNEY TO HAMPTON

When Booker started out, he had only three dollars in his pocket. He paid this for a seat in a stage coach and rode all day long. When night came he had to get off. The driver told him he could not take him any farther unless he had

more money. That night he slept in a barn, and the next day he started walking.

On and on he walked. He had five hundred miles to go before he reached Hampton. He did not want to wear out his new shoes, so he carried them. Finally he became so hungry that he tried to sell them for four dollars. Only one man offered to buy them. He gave Booker ten cents and told him he would give him the rest when they met again at Hampton. But Booker never saw the man again.

He walked and walked. He begged for rides in wagons that came by, and one night he passed out of doors walking about to keep warm.

AT HAMPTON

At last young Booker reached Hampton, and it seemed to him the greatest place in the world. He stood before the big brick building with wide open eyes. He had never been happier in his life.

He went inside, sat down and waited until the head teacher could see him. Finally she came in. She looked at him doubtfully. He was very

thin because he had not had proper food for some time. He needed a bath and a change of clothing.

"Take this broom," she said, "and sweep that recitation room."

Booker smiled. He knew that he could please her because he had learned to clean a house perfectly at Mrs. Ruffner's. He took the broom and swept the room three times. Then he dusted everything four times with his dusting cloth. When he told the teacher he had finished his job, she came in, took out her handkerchief and rubbed it over the woodwork, table, and benches. She found no dust anywhere.

Then she smiled at him and said, "I guess you will do to enter this institution."

Booker T. Washington worked very hard at Hampton Institute. After he was graduated, he taught a while at Malden, his first home in West Virginia. Then he attended Wayland Seminary in Washington, D. C.

His great task came when Alabama asked Hampton to name some Negro teacher to start a school in that state. General Armstrong sent him to do this great work. This school became

Tuskegee Institute which is now one of the greatest schools in the world.

SOME QUESTIONS TO ANSWER

1. Why did Booker Washington want an education?
2. What made it difficult for him to get it?
3. How did Mrs. Ruffner help him to go to Hampton?
4. How did his experience with Mrs. Ruffner help him to enter Hampton?
5. Why did the teacher at Hampton look at him doubtfully?
6. What did she learn about him when he swept the floor?
7. How did Booker Washington's education help him? How did it help others?
8. How can your education help others as well as you?

Find out all you can about Hampton and Tuskegee Institute today and tell the class about them. Learn something also about Howard, Fisk, Lincoln, Wilberforce, and Atlanta, and about the men who established these schools.



Paul Laurence Dunbar

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

You have read some of Paul Laurence Dunbar's poems which he wrote about the slaves. Would you like to know the story of his life?

Both of Paul's parents were slaves. His mother, who was Matilda Murphy, worked in the home of her master and was very kindly treated. Every evening when the master read to his wife, Matilda was allowed to sit on the floor at his knee to listen. She was always so interested in the stories and poems that she did not want to go to bed. She enjoyed hearing him read poetry most of all because it seemed to sing songs to her.

One day all the slaves were set free, and Matilda moved to Dayton, Ohio. There she met Joshua Dunbar who also had been a slave. He had had a cruel master and had run away to Canada to be free. When he heard about the Emancipation Proclamation, he came to Day-

ton. Not long after they met, Matilda and Joshua were married.

Paul's mother could neither read nor write, but she wanted to learn very much. Sometimes she would coax school children to come to her house to teach her the alphabet. She learned her letters very quickly, and was soon reading sentences. How happy she was! Now she could read the Bible and the beautiful poetry that she loved.

Paul's father was a plasterer. He was an old man when he married Matilda, and he could neither read nor write. He wanted to learn, however, so he taught himself. After he had worked all day at his trade, he would come home and study his books. He liked to read history and the lives of great men. So you see that Paul's mother and father educated themselves after they were married.

When little Paul was born, his parents wondered what they should name him. His father said he thought his name should be Paul because he had read in the Bible that Paul was a great character. He said his boy would be a great man some day. Matilda agreed with him, so

their son was named Paul Laurence Dunbar.

When Paul was four years old, his mother taught him to read; so when he started to school, he was far ahead of the other pupils of his class. He enjoyed all of his school work, but he liked reading, spelling, and language most of all. Often the teacher would find him reading when the other children were playing out of doors.

One day when he was reading at school, he came across a short poem by a great English poet. He thought he had never read anything so beautiful; and he could not get it out of his mind. On his way home that evening, he tried to put together words having a pleasing sound like the words in the poem. When he reached home he wrote what was in his mind, and this was his first poem.

Paul Laurence Dunbar was only six years old when he wrote this little verse, and his mother was very proud of him. She encouraged him to write more, and she kept all his poems in a large pasteboard box.

Whenever Paul was on a program at school or church he wrote the poem that he recited. Every one praised his work, and he was encour-

aged by the teachers and students to write more.

When he entered high school, he was the only colored pupil in his class. He wanted to show the other pupils that he was just as bright as they were, so he studied very hard. The boys in his class liked him very much. They invited him to become a member of their literary club, and for a long time he was their president. When he was graduated he composed the class song that was sung at the exercises.

While Paul was in high school, his father died, so he had to help support his mother. She tried to make a living by doing laundry work, and every evening when Paul returned home from school, he carried home the clothes that his mother had washed.

When he finished high school, he looked for regular work so that his mother would not have to take in washings any longer. He found work as an elevator boy in the Callahan Building in Dayton. There he earned four dollars a week, and he took care of his mother and himself on it.

Paul was never idle. Even while he was on the elevator he was writing poems. He always kept a dictionary, a tablet, a pencil, and a good maga-

zine beside him. He read awhile, then he would write verses. Some of them were published in magazines and newspapers, and they were read by thousands of people.

Paul was becoming a famous poet. Many people came to the Callahan Building and went up in the elevator just to see this Negro poet elevator boy.

One day when Paul came home from work, he said to his mother, "Where are the poems that you have been saving for me? I have decided to put them together and make a book."

"How can you make a book, Paul?" she asked. "It takes a great deal of money to have a book published, and we have none."

"But I am determined to make this book," said Paul. So his mother gave him his papers, and he took them to a printer who said he would publish the book for him. This was the happiest day of his life.

One afternoon a delivery boy came to the Callahan Building with a large heavy package in his hand. He went to the elevator and handed it to Paul.

"Here are your books," he said. Paul was so

happy he did not know what to do. He sold all the books in a very short time and had enough money to pay for printing them.

In selling these poems Paul was assisted by his friend, Dr. H. A. Tobey, of Toledo, Ohio. The young man was encouraged also by another friend in that city, Brand Whitlock, who liked his verse very much and had Paul call on him to read from his poems.

After this Paul wrote several volumes of poems, and recited many of them to large audiences in our country and also in England.

When he gave his recitals he became acquainted with many noted white people and made friends with them. One of his dearest white friends was William Dean Howells who told his people of the whole civilized world that Paul Laurence Dunbar was one of the greatest poets of his age.

SOMETHING TO DO

Paul Laurence Dunbar's home in Dayton, Ohio, is a national shrine. People from all over our country visit it each year. If you are ever in Dayton you will be a welcome guest there.

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

There are many famous Negro poets to-day. Most of them write poetry for grown people. When you are older you will enjoy reading their poems.

Ask your teacher to tell you the names of some of them.

SOME QUESTIONS TO ANSWER

1. How did Paul Laurence Dunbar's parents learn to read and write?
2. Why did they name him Paul?
3. How old was he when he wrote his first poem?
4. Why was Paul invited to become a member of the high school literary club?
5. How did he help his mother after his father died?
6. What did Paul do while running the elevator?
7. Why did his mother think he could not publish his book?
8. What was the happiest day of Paul's life?
9. Where did he recite his poems?
10. Who called him "one of the greatest poets of his age"?



Henry O. Tanner

HENRY OSSAWA TANNER

A Famous Negro Artist

You have read the story of a famous Negro teacher, a noted inventor, a great orator, a fearless sailor, and two of our best loved poets. Would you like to know what some other great Negroes have done to make our world a better place in which to live?

All of us like beautiful things. We enjoy seeing a beautiful sunset. We are happy when we hear beautiful music. We like to see and smell beautiful flowers, and it fills our hearts with joy to see the gorgeous colors in the rainbow.

Let me tell you about an artist who painted beautiful pictures for us to enjoy. His name was Henry Ossawa Tanner. His father was a bishop in the African Methodist Episcopal Church, and he wanted his son to be a minister too. He was very fond of his little boy, and often they took walks together in Fairmount

Park not far from their home in Philadelphia. One day while they were taking their usual stroll, they saw an artist painting one of the beautiful scenes in the park.

"How I wish I were an artist!" said Henry to his father. "I think I should like to paint pictures more than anything else in the world!"

This was the first time that Bishop Tanner heard his son say he wanted to be an artist. The next day he bought him crayons, paints, a brush, and some drawing paper. He encouraged him in every way. When Henry went to school, his teachers praised his work, and they permitted him to enter a special class in art. After school hours he spent much of his time in art galleries in Philadelphia, studying the beautiful paintings there. Sometimes he took his modeling clay and went to the zoological Park to model the animals.

When he had learned all he could at school, his father let him study with the famous artists of Philadelphia. He painted many beautiful pictures and sold them for several hundred dollars.

Although Henry's parents were very proud of him, he knew that they still regretted that he

had not become a minister. One day he said to his father, "I am going to teach the people about the Bible too. I cannot preach sermons as you can; but I can teach them by painting beautiful pictures of the stories in the Bible."

Henry learned that some of the most famous artists were in France, so he decided to go there to study under them.

It was while he was in Paris that he became one of the world's greatest artists.

Most of his pictures are religious paintings. They are the pictures of the Bible stories he enjoyed hearing his father preach about.

The French people were very, very proud of Henry Tanner, and they bought many of his pictures for their homes and art galleries. One of his paintings, "The Raising of Lazarus," was purchased for the Luxembourg palace in Paris where famous kings and queens once made their homes. Only the world's best pictures are placed in this beautiful palace; so you see it was a great honor for Tanner to have his work put there.

Many of Tanner's pictures are in our country where we may see them any time we wish. "The

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Destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah" is at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City. "Judas" is in the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh. "Nicodemus" is in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia. "The Annunciation" is in the Memorial Building at Fairmount Park in Philadelphia, and one of his paintings is in the Art Institute in Chicago.

THINGS TO DO AND THINK ABOUT

Whenever you visit large museums, ask to see the paintings by Negro artists.

Ask your teacher to tell you about other famous Negro artists and the exhibitions of their works by the Harmon Foundation in New York City.

Some Negroes have become famous sculptors and painters. Find out what you can about Edmonia Lewis, Edmund Bannister, Aaron Douglass, Meta Warrick Fuller, and Augusta Savage.

DR. CHARLES HENRY TURNER

A Famous Negro Scientist

A scientist is a person who studies plants, animals, rocks, soil, or other things to find out something new about them. He reads books to learn what others have found out about the things he wants to study. Then he tries to discover something about them which no one else has learned. If he finds out many interesting things which no one ever knew before, he becomes famous.

One of the greatest scientists of our country was a Negro. His name was Dr. Charles Henry Turner. He learned so much about some small animals that he was honored with a high degree at the University of Cincinnati and the University of Chicago. They called him a Doctor of Philosophy.

Dr. Turner became famous because of the many new things he learned about the crawfish,



Charles H. Turner

the honey bee, the roach, the ant, and other insects. Some of the most interesting things he learned were about the ant. Would you like to know some of the things he found out about this tiny creature?

He learned that ants are very much like people in many ways. They live together in large nests or ant cities. These nests are made of sand or dirt. One city sometimes has more than a hundred little houses or rooms in it. Hallways lead from one of these rooms to the other. Inside the nests the ants are doing many wonderful things.

In one room lives the queen ant. She is a very interesting creature. She does not rule all the ants, but she is their mother. She lays all the eggs, and that is all the work she has to do. All the ants are kind to her. They feed her and take care of her.

Whenever the queen ant lays an egg, one of the ant nurses takes it to the nursery. In this room the eggs stay until they are hatched. The nurses take good care of these eggs. They lick them often to keep them clean. They see that they are never too hot or too cold, and they often

move them from one part of the nursery to the other.

When the eggs are hatched, the nurses care for the babies. They bathe them three or four times a day. They do this by licking them all over with their tongues.

When these ant babies grow up, they have work to do in the nest. Some of them become little herdsmen. They take care of the ant "cows." These "cows" are really little bugs called aphids. They give off a sweet juice called honey dew and all ants are very fond of it.

In late autumn the herdsmen gather the eggs of the aphids and pile them in the nest. They take care of them all through the winter. When spring comes they take the eggs above the ground and scatter them about in the warm sunshine. At night they are carried down again. When the eggs hatch, the ants carry the little bugs up into the sunlight and place them on weeds to suck sap.

It is very interesting to see the ants milk their "cows." They pat or rub them with their hairy feelers. This seems to tickle them and they squeeze out a little drop of honey dew.

The ant herdsmen take good care of their "cattle." They keep them in one of the underground rooms which might be called a stable.

Ants do many other things that people do. Some of them have slaves. They carry off the eggs and young of other ants and make them work for them. The slave ants keep the house clean, bring in the food, and sometimes care for the baby ants.

Ants are the favorite food of many animals, so they have many enemies. When they fight they bite and pull each other. Sometimes three or four of them will fight one large ant. Some will hold her while one saws off her head. They are fierce fighters, and would rather be cut to pieces than let go an enemy.

I cannot tell you all the interesting things that Dr. Turner learned about the ant. I am sure you will want to watch them more closely now; and always remember that a Negro scientist learned more about these little creatures than any one yet has learned. What Dr. Turner taught the world about the ant and other animals has been taken up by the great scientists of our time in studying human beings.

SOMETHING TO TALK ABOUT

Another famous Negro scientist has made a study of plants and soils. His name is Dr. George Washington Carver, and he is a teacher at Tuskegee Institute, the school that was founded by Booker T. Washington. He made more than two hundred products from the peanut. Some of them are printer's ink, axle grease, soap, dye, shoe-blackening, face cream, wood stains, shampoo lotion, and many kinds of oils, milks, and beverages. From the sweet potato he made over one hundred things. Some of them are flour, tapioca, ginger, dye, coffee, candles, molasses and rubber. From common clay he made many kinds of paints and dyes. You would be interested in the story of his life. He was a slave, and when he was a tiny baby he was kidnapped by some robbers. His master gave them a fine race horse so that they would bring him back.

Try to find out some other interesting things about this great man.

Did you ever hear of Dr. Ernest E. Just, the noted biologist at Howard University? He is a famous Negro scientist too. He likes to study the animals that live in the sea, and he has learned many interesting things about them.

JAN E. MATZELIGER, NEGRO INVENTOR

Have you ever read the story about the elves and the shoemaker? You remember how hard the shoemaker had to work to make one pair of shoes, and how glad he was when the little elves helped him.

For many years shoes were made by hand just as this shoemaker made his. Then a very wise man made a machine that could sew some parts of the shoe together. This machine helped the shoemakers very much; but they still had to make most of the shoes by hand.

"What a fine thing it would be," they said, "if we had a machine that could make all of the shoe! Then we could make more pairs of shoes in a day. We would not have to work so hard, and people would not have to pay so much for their shoes."

But no one knew how to make such a machine. They worked and they worked, but they could not find a way.



Jan E. Matzeliger

Finally a young Negro boy made the machine that all the shoemakers needed. Would you like to know the story of his life?

This young man's name was Jan E. Matzeli-ger. He lived with his mother and father in Dutch Guiana in South America. Every day he worked in his father's machine shop. He liked to run machines.

One day he told his father he would like to go to America to seek his fortune. He had heard that many young men became rich if they went to America, worked hard, and saved their money. So his father gave his consent, and Jan came to our country.

He worked for a cobbler in Lynn, Massachusetts, where several other men were working. This cobbler had a machine that stitched the upper part of the shoes to the sole. Jan worked at this machine.

He watched the cobblers who had to work by hand. He felt sorry for them because their work was so hard, and they had to work so late.

"I believe I can make a machine that can do what you are doing," he said to them one day.

All of them laughed at him.

"Many great men have tried to do that," they said, "and it cannot be done."

But Jan did not believe them. He rented a small room over an old Mission House, and there he worked every night on his machine. For eight long months he worked. He made a little model out of cigar boxes and other odds and ends. Then he made a real machine that could make a whole shoe by itself!

How happy he was! He had made something no one in the world had made before. That is why we call him an inventor.

Now let us see what his machine could do. It adjusted the sole. It arranged the leather over the sole. It drove in the nails. Then it took the shoe off the machine. It could drive 350 nails in one minute.

With the old machinery for making shoes, a large number of cobblers working very late could make only sixty pairs of shoes a day. But with Jan's machine the same number of men could make one thousand pairs in the same time.

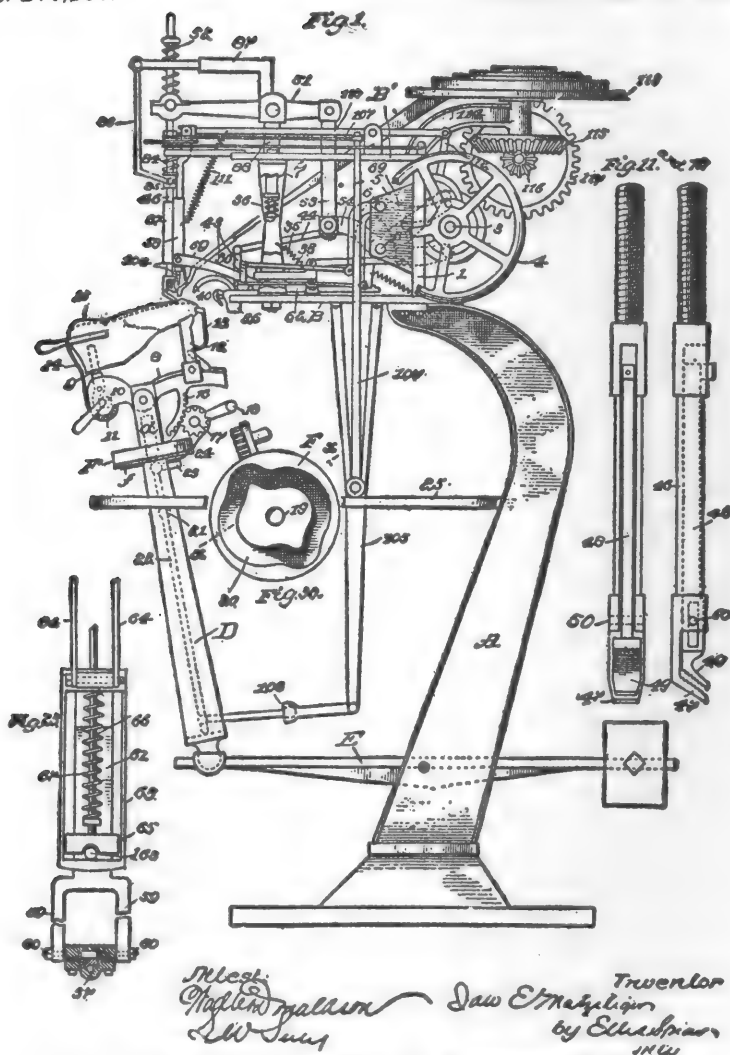
Many shoe factories began to use Jan's machinery. A large company purchased it. They made more money and shoes became cheaper.

J. E. MATZELIGER

LASTING MACHINE

No. 274,207.

PATENTED MAR. 20, 1883



AN ILLUSTRATION SHOWING THE MODELS MADE BY MATZELIGER TO ILLUSTRATE
HIS INVENTIONS IN SHOE MACHINES.

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Many people were made happy by the Matzeli-ger shoe making machine.

Now a firm of large factories owns Jan's machinery. It is called The United Shoe Machinery Company, and it makes the machinery for the largest shoe factories in the world.

THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

There are many noted inventors of the Negro race. Norbert Rillieux, of New Orleans, invented a pan for making granulated sugar.

Granville T. Woods liked to work with electricity, and he sold many of his inventions to the Westinghouse and General Electric companies.

Elijah McCoy invented devices for oiling machinery so that it would not burn up while running fast for a long time.

Ask your teacher to tell you about other Negro inventors.

COLONEL CHARLES YOUNG

A Famous Negro Soldier

Some of the bravest soldiers of our country have been Negroes. They have fought in every war in which our country has taken part. Some of them have been promoted to a high rank in the army because of their bravery. Others have received medals of honor. Would you like to read the story of the highest ranking Negro officer in the United States Army?

This famous soldier's name was Charles Young. We call him Colonel Charles Young because he became a Colonel in the army. When he finished high school, he went to West Point Military Academy, a school where men are trained to be army officers. Only students who make very high grades in school may enter this academy, so you see it was quite an honor for Colonel Young to be a student there.

For four years he studied at West Point, and when he was graduated he was given a position in the United States Army. He had charge of a



Col. Charles Young

regiment of cavalrymen. These were soldiers who rode horseback. Colonel Young had more than a thousand officers and men under his command. He was very kind to his men, and they were always glad to obey him. One of his officers once said that he probably knew more than half his men by name. He visited them in their camp and saw that they were always comfortable.

Not long after Colonel Young became an army officer, our country went to war with Spain. We became very angry with the Spanish people because they sank one of our largest battleships, the *Maine*. Nearly three hundred American sailors were killed when this ship sank, so we had to fight for our protection. Many white and colored soldiers fought in this war, and some of the bravest deeds were done by colored troops.

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, a white officer, had charge of a regiment of white cavalry men. They were very brave soldiers, and Roosevelt called them his Rough Riders. One day they did a very daring deed. They rode to the top of a high hill to capture some Spaniards who were up there in a blockhouse.

When they reached the top of the hill, they found themselves in a trap. The Spanish sharpshooters were up in trees. They were firing with smokeless powder and were picking off the Rough-Riders one by one. Colonel Roosevelt's men could not see where the bullets were coming from, and they did not know what to do. On one side of them was a high barbed wire fence, and they could not drive their horses through that. On the other side was a high rocky cliff, and if they drove over it, both horse and rider would be dashed to pieces. For a while it looked as if all of Roosevelt's men would be killed. But suddenly they heard the sound of horses' hoofs. They looked down the hill and saw Colonel Young's brave soldiers galloping up the hill to help them.

The Spaniards became frightened. "Here come those "Smoked Yankees!" they shouted, and they ran for their lives. The colored soldiers fought bravely and saved Colonel Roosevelt and his men.

After the Spanish-American War, Colonel Young went to Africa to teach some of the Africans to be brave soldiers. While he was there

he died of Blackwater fever, and all the people in our country mourned because such a brave man had passed away.

SOMETHING TO DO

Fill the blanks with the words below.

1. Colonel Charles Young was a famous _____.
2. He went to school at _____.
3. When he finished school he became an _____.
4. He fought in the _____ war.
5. His soldiers were called _____ because they rode horses.
6. He had more than _____ officers and men under him.
7. He was _____ to his soldiers.
8. He knew many of them _____.
9. One day Colonel Young and his men saved _____ and his men from being killed.
10. Colonel Young died _____.

in Africa	a thousand
cavalrymen	kind
by name	Colonel Theodore Roosevelt
soldier	West Point Military Acad-
army officer	emy
	Spanish-American

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THINGS TO TALK ABOUT

The first patriot that was killed in the Revolutionary War was Crispus Attucks. Find out all you can about him.

Brave Negro soldiers fought with Andrew Jackson in the Battle of New Orleans in 1815, and with Perry and Macdonough on the sea in the second war with England.

Almost two hundred thousand Negro soldiers fought for their own freedom during the war between the sections. Their officers praised them for their courage and bravery.

Two of the bravest soldiers who fought in the World War were Negro soldiers, Henry Johnson and Needham Roberts. They were decorated with the War Cross by the French people for their bravery. Ask your teacher to tell you how these fearless fighters fought twenty-four Germans who surprised them one night, and how they kept many other colored soldiers from being killed.

You will find many interesting pictures of Negro soldiers in *The American Negro in the World War* by Emmett J. Scott. If you do not have this book, ask for it at the library and look at the pictures. You will enjoy them.

HARRY T. BURLEIGH

There are many famous Negro musicians. Some of them sing; some play the piano or organ; some play the violin; some play other musical instruments. Many of them compose music.

Let me tell you the story of one of the greatest musicians of our race. His name is Harry T. Burleigh. He is a great singer and a famous composer.

When Harry T. Burleigh was a boy he lived in Erie, Pennsylvania. His father and mother worked for a family named Russell. Mr. and Mrs. Russell enjoyed beautiful music, and often they invited the great artists of the day to play in their drawing-room.

Harry's mother knew how much her son enjoyed music, so she always let him know when these musicians were to be at the Russell home. Harry would stand outside the drawing-room window and peep inside to see the artists and hear them play and sing.

One very cold, snowy night, a famous pianist, Rafael Joseffy, was invited to the Russell home.



Harry T. Burleigh

Harry had heard of him and wanted to see him very much. What do you think he did?

He stood out in the snow in front of the drawing-room window for hours waiting for the musician to appear. He became so cold that he almost froze. The next day he was very ill, and when his mother learned that he had stood in the cold so long to hear a great musician, she asked Mrs. Russell if she would give him something to do in the house so that he could listen to her guests. After this when Mrs. Russell gave a musical, she let Harry open the door. In this way he became acquainted with some of the most famous musicians.

When he grew to be a young man, he sang in the churches and Jewish synagogues of Erie. He enjoyed this work very much, but he wanted to learn more about music. He wanted to go away to study, but his parents were too poor to send him. Finally some of his friends helped him to go to New York City. There he won a scholarship at the National Conservatory of Music. This scholarship paid for his musical training. He had to earn his board and room as best he could.

For a while he taught voice to a number of pupils. Then he trained Negro church choirs. Sometimes he received money for his singing. When summer came he worked in a hotel in Saratoga, New York. He did any kind of work he could find in order to stay in school. He wanted to become a church singer more than anything else. He knew that many of the large white churches of New York had paid soloists in their choirs. How he wished he could be one! He knew no church that had a colored soloist, but he believed one might employ him.

One day he learned that a baritone soloist was needed at St. George's Episcopal church, one of the wealthiest and most aristocratic white churches in New York. He applied for the position immediately. Fifty-nine white soloists wanted the position also; but in a few days Harry T. Burleigh was told that he had been chosen.

He sang in this choir for more than thirty years. When he had been with them twenty-five years, they presented him with a gift of a valuable watch.

Singing in St. George's Episcopal Church

choir did not take all of Harry T. Burleigh's time. He was also a member of the choir at Temple Emanuel, the richest Jewish synagogue in our country. For twenty-five years he sang in this choir and at the end of that time the members of the synagogue gave him a beautiful gift.

This famous musician has given many recitals, singing before large crowds of people. Once he sang before the King of England who was thrilled with his beautiful voice.

We should remember Burleigh not only as a great singer but also as a famous composer. He loved the Negro spirituals and he wrote the music for many of them so that they would be just as beautiful when sung as solos as when sung by larger groups of singers. Some of his most popular spirituals are "Deep River," "O Didn't It Rain?" and "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot."

THINGS TO TALK ABOUT

Why was Harry T. Burleigh chosen as the soloist of St. George's Episcopal Church choir instead of one

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of the fifty-nine white singers who wanted the position?

Would you like to know the stories of other great Negro Musicians? Ask your teacher to tell you some of the interesting stories in *Negro Musicians and Their Music* by Maud Cuney-Hare. You will enjoy looking at the pictures in this book also.

RIDDLES

Do you like to guess riddles? Here are some very interesting ones which you will enjoy guessing because they are very easy. The answer to each one is the name of some noted Negro you have read about.

Write the answers to as many as you can.

Your teacher will help you with any difficult words.

1. I am thinking about a great scientist. He learned many interesting things about the crawfish, the honey bee, the roach, and the ant. He was educated at the University of Cincinnati and the University of Chicago.

Who was he?

2. I am thinking about a famous soldier. He went to school at West Point Military Academy. He became an officer in the United States Army. He and his brave men saved Colonel Roosevelt and his Rough Riders from being killed by the Spaniards.

Who was he?

3. I am thinking of a little slave boy who struggled hard to get an education. He traveled five hundred miles to a great school named Hampton Institute. Most of this distance he traveled on foot.

When he reached Hampton he was told to sweep a room. He swept it three times and dusted it four times. He was permitted to enter the school because he did this work so well.

When he finished Hampton Institute he founded Tuskegee Institute in Alabama.

Who was he?

4. I am thinking of a little slave girl. She was born in Africa. When she was seven years old, she was stolen from her home and brought to our country. She was sold as a slave to a man in Boston. He bought her as a present for his invalid wife.

Her mistress was very kind to her, and she let her daughter teach her to read and write.

This little girl became one of our first woman poets.

Who was she?

5. I am thinking of a famous Negro orator. He was born a slave. His mother and father died when he was six years old. Then he had no one to care for him.

He learned to read and write from posters on cellars and barn doors.

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One day he ran away from his master and went up North where he was free. We remember him for his great speeches against slavery.

Who was he?

6. I am thinking of a famous poet. His father and mother were slaves. They named him after a character in the Bible. He wrote his first poem when he was only six years old. When his father died he made a living for his mother and himself by running an elevator.

Who was he?

7. I am thinking about a great musician. He stood out in the snow for hours one night to see a great artist play the piano. He became the soloist in the choirs of two large white churches in New York City. He wrote the music for many Negro spirituals. One of his compositions is "Deep River."

Who is he?

8. I am thinking about a famous artist. His father was a bishop in the African Methodist Episcopal Church. This artist painted pictures of the stories in the Bible. One of his pictures is in the Luxembourg, a beautiful palace now used for an art gallery in France.

Who is he?

9. I am thinking about a famous Negro inventor. He came to our country from South America. He worked in a cobbler's shop in Massachusetts. He invented a machine that could make a whole shoe by itself.

Who was he?

10. I am thinking about a famous Negro actor whose grandfather was an African prince. He was born in our country but moved to England when he was a young man. He became a dear friend of the great English actor, Edmund Kean, and took part in Shakespeare's plays. He was honored by kings and queens all over Europe.

Who was he?

11. I am thinking about a famous Negro sailor who was born on an island off the coast of Massachusetts. When he grew up, he became very rich trading with the people on the coast of our country. He owned three ships that sailed the seas. Once he took thirty-eight free Negroes to Africa on one of his ships.

Who was he?

12. I am thinking about a Negro inventor who made a clock that could strike the hour. He studied astronomy a long time and published an almanac. He helped to plan the beautiful city of Washington, D. C.

Who was he?







